

then thirty-four, and in full enjoyment of his powers. Seven years had elapsed since he had painted the wonderful "Old Woman" of the National Gallery, twelve months since he had produced the famous portrait of himself in the same collection. Much as he varied, frequently as we find offshoots from his earlier intruding into his later periods, it is difficult to believe that after either of those two pictures, to name no more, he could have dropped to the comparative tameness we find here. Of this pair of portraits, M. Charles Blanc said:—"On les compte parmi les plus étonnantes du maître." The epithet was strangely unlucky. The other four pictures ascribed to the master may be dismissed very curtly. The head exhibited by Mr. Fitzwilliam is not in the least like Rembrandt, and may be given with some confidence to his pupil, or at least disciple, Solomon Koninck. The head numbered 97, and lent by Lord Ashburton, is a poor thing by some hand not now to be identified. The much-damaged half-length of a man in the large gallery (No. 151), albeit no Rembrandt, is a better picture, and as much may be said of the old lady lent by Lord Yarborough. Perhaps if we call this last a repetition by Govert Flinck of a portrait by his master, we shall not be far wrong. The original, if our memory serve us, is in the cabinet of a French collector.

Among the other Dutch contributions there is plenty of material both for praise and blame. Lord Ashburton's Hobbema is one of the finest of his early pictures. The catalogue says it was painted in 1655, and the still earlier date of 1650 is said to occur on one of his panels; and yet Mr. Bredius tells us that he was born in 1638. If all these dates are to be accepted, Meindert Hobbema must have been precocious indeed. The landscape which hangs as a pendant to Lord Ashburton's must be looked at with all manner of scepticism; it has the air of a copy by Jan or Solomon Rombouts. The woman's figure in the foreground is stolen from one in a picture by Adrian van de Velde in the National Gallery. The much-injured Paul Potter, on the same wall, bears signs of being genuine; the Paul de Vos beside it is rather the work, as a whole, of Snyders, the hand of De Vos appearing, possibly, in the peacock on the right. The landscape with figures of men and horses, which comes next, is one of the least desirable of Cuyp's; but that master seldom, perhaps never, painted a finer picture than the "Scene on a Frozen River," lent by Lord Yarborough. Equally fine is the small Adrian van Ostade from Bath House, numbered 78. The open-air scene which hangs beside it is a copy, probably by the young Cornelis Dusart. The master himself is again seen to advantage in the Queen's large "Interior of a Farm-house" (113), in Lord Ashburton's "A Drinking Bout" and "Interior of a Cottage," and in Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's "Tric-trac Players." None of these, however, are quite equal in quality to No. 78, the "Woman and Child," already mentioned. Teniers, whom, somewhat unreasonably, one often brackets with Ostade, is almost at his best in the "Seven Acts of Mercy;" while Maes, the provoking pupil of Rembrandt, never surpassed Mr. S. Joseph's "Woman Nursing a Child," baldly called "An Interior," which we prefer to the "Woman Sewing," from Bath House. Lord Ashburton's picture is a little over-harsh in its transitions, a little over-black in its shadows, while Mr. Joseph's panel is flooded with sunlight in a way that only De Hooghe could equal. Not often did Terborch paint better than in the "Music Lesson"—also from Bath House—in which one, at least, of the actors in a similar scene at the National Gallery is introduced. For a second picture ascribed to the master we confess we have no admiration. It comes from the Secrétan gallery. Of three Metsus, the finest by far is the somewhat early one lent by Lord Ashburton. The subject is a woman in scarlet and pink, drawing from a bust. The combination of tints is a favourite one with Metsu. It also occurs in a famous picture in the Peel Collection, and again, if we may trust our memory, in a work at the Hague of about the same date as Lord Ashburton's. Metsu's work has one peculiarity, of which the books, so far as we know, say little or nothing. It shows a continuity of development, a

never-halting process of improvement, not to be found in the same degree in the work of any other master of the first rank. It has never been our lot to encounter two Metsus painted exactly in the same fashion. In his first attempts he was hard and tinny in surface, and as polished in handling as Van der Werf. Of this, perhaps the earliest and strongest example is the "Lady reading a Letter," at Deepdene. At the end of his life (he died at thirty-seven) he was open, almost loose in brushing, rich and fat in impasto, and facile in design; of this, his latest phase, a small picture of an old woman eating porridge, lately belonging to M. Secrétan, may be named as perhaps a final instance. Between the two extremes his pictures show a continuous march. On each new panel he worked more freely than on the last, gathering breadth, fatness, and decision as he went, and giving an almost unique example of untiring self-improvement. The rest of the Dutch collection includes two first-rate Adrian van de Veldes, a magnificent Van der Capelle, a good Karel Dujardin, two excellent Jan Steens, a capital example of Albert Cuyp's portraiture, and a more than usually satisfactory picture by one of the three fathers of Dutch *genre*, Dirk Hals to wit.

Of the English pictures we have left ourselves little room to speak. This is the less to be regretted, however, in that few among them invite much discussion. Those who are in greatest force are Morland, Constable, Gainsborough, and James Ward. Morland seldom painted with more power than in Mr. Gibbons's "Farmyard," or with a finer delicacy than in Mr. Orrock's "The Mask"; Constable never foreshadowed all that is good in impressionism more superbly than in his sketch for "The Chain Pier, Brighton," or conceived a completer picture than his "Jumping Horse"; no landscape by Gainsborough that we have seen could be preferred to "The Market Cart"; while Ward's "Cows" (29) and "Horses" (31) take rank, both for reality and style, with the best things ever done in his own branch of art. With pictures like these before us, we need not step aside to grieve over a ruined Sir Joshua (158), over a ruin (155) in which the hand of Sir Joshua is not to be descried, or over a pair of damaged but still delightful Gainsboroughs (156 and 164). We may, however, reserve a line or two to point out that many excellent qualities are combined in "Children," by the Rev. W. Peters, R.A.; that "Sheep-washing" (125) is a remarkable Wilkie; that John Linnell at his best is to be seen in "Barking Trees" and "St. John Preaching;" and that a trio of landscapes by Mulready would put to shame not a few of those Dutchmen to whom they proclaim their debt.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BETTERMENT IN AMERICA.

SIR,—You may care to find room for the following extract from the letter of an American correspondent of mine on the practice of assessing for betterment in the United States.—Yours,
Feb. 4. J. M.

You are quite correct as to American practice in regard to "Betterment Assessments." I have asked several lawyers, and they report that they know of no State which does not assess property benefited by improvements.

Here is the mode in New York State and, substantially, in Pennsylvania and Eastern States generally:—

1. General Tax, including Police, Lighting, and State Tax.
2. Water Tax.
3. Assessment for Local Improvements.

The last is assessed by a Commission of three members appointed by the Supreme Court of the State, "to appraise damages and assess benefits." This Commission defines areas affected, to begin with. They can also place part of assessment upon the city as a whole. All their proceedings reported, and subject to Supreme Court; but Court approves, except in very rare instances indeed.

Second Branch, Permanent Board of Assessors appointed by City authorities (Councils in some States), controls grading, sewerage, paving, &c., of streets, subject to confirmation of a

"Board of Revision," composed of City Controller, City Recorder, and Corporation Counsel.

The principle is so clearly just that it is universally recognised. The writer in the *Times* who says only five States have recognised it, is misled. When States adopt new Constitutions it may be inserted, and others pass general laws. Nevertheless, all cities practise assessments for benefits and damages for injuries to property affected within a defined area. In the words of one of our ablest lawyers, "How could any growing city manage without this plan?"

I asked a colleague of mine upon the Pan-American Conference about the law in the State of Missouri, and he said, "Here's a case in point. An avenue in the City of St. Louis had an abrupt turn in it. This is being straightened. I have property half a mile away from the improvement on that avenue, and have just been assessed for betterment."

My informant is an able lawyer, and explained that the law in Missouri, and he said in every State as far as he knew, was that although the Constitution of the United States provided that private property should not be taken without compensation, States had a right to collect that compensation from parties benefited by any change made. It is not necessary for this to be embraced in State Constitutions—it is the law, and all States practise it, even if their Constitutions be silent upon it.

LAND PURCHASE AND PLAIN QUESTIONS.

SIR,—I argued that as the Land Commissioners were admitted to be vigilant guardians of the public purse, I did not see how the landlord could walk off with twice the market value of his property. Your correspondent replies that the Commissioners are concerned with security and not with prices, and that in the security they include the tenant's interest as well as the landlord's. To this my answer is as follows:—(1) As a matter of fact and practice, the valuer sent down by the Commissioners regards the landlord's interest only. (2) In the cases where the tenant has purchased from the landlord, and then has found reason to resell, he has got a higher price for his goodwill than he would have got before—a certain sign that the instalment is not excessive for the landlord's interest. (3) If the tenant, as Mr. Donovan alleges, cannot secure fair terms by reason of coercion and indebtedness, then the repayment of the instalment would be doubtful; therefore, as the Commissioners have keen eyes for the certainty of their instalment, we may assume that they see that the tenant has fair terms.

Mr. Ellis, your other correspondent, must excuse me for saying that he does not see the point. I say that the Duke of Abercorn, for example, would have carried off just as large a sum out of Mr. Trevelyan's twenty millions as he has carried off out of Lord Ashbourne's ten. Ah, but, says Mr. Ellis, you forget coercion and indebtedness. Not at all, because, to the best of my belief, in the districts where the Duke's property lay, or most of it, there is neither coercion nor much indebtedness. If the Commissioners allow the landlords to swindle the tenants into paying twice the market value, I want to know how it is that the Ulster farmers are now quarrelling with the Government for not making this swindling process compulsory?

I am opposed to the Ashbourne system, but, I repeat, let us see facts as they are, and base our opposition on the true reasons.

Feb. 4th.

COMMON SENSE.

GOVERNMENT AND FINANCE IN VICTORIA.

MELBOURNE, December 27, 1889.

THE great interest of the month, transcending even the arrival of a new Governor, has been the discussion of our financial situation, and the event of this week has been the Premier's reply to his critics. The matter is one in which you in England have very deep concern, as we are constantly coming to the loan-market, and many millions that we have not asked for are pressed upon us by private investors. Briefly stated, the position is, that in July of this year the Premier announced that we had a surplus for the year ending June 30 of £1,704,846. Nothing could be more satisfactory, and we proceeded to deal with the money as men who have come in for a windfall are apt to deal with it. We paid off debentures and railway arrears to the amount of nearly £700,000; set apart £368,000 for bonuses to agriculture, or advances to help the farmer against his great enemy, the rabbit; recouped ourselves for some large sums that had been

spent out of borrowed money upon State schools; and proceeded to lighten some unpopular taxation, such as the duties on tea and kerosene; and to transform a twopenny into a penny postal service. On the whole, we did very little in the way of expenditure that an economist would condemn, though a disposition to spend freely undoubtedly coloured the estimates. Suddenly, about November last, it transpired that the Premier, who is also the Treasurer, had unexpectedly called in a million that had been placed at deposit with the banks, and which the banks undoubtedly expected to keep till the end of the year. Inquiry in Parliament elicited the admission that it was called in because the Treasurer was in urgent need of money; and Mr. Gillies had to say that his calculations had been falsified by events. His excuse was a very sufficient one, if it had stood by itself. The Railway Department, which is under non-political control, had just informed him that the cost of the railways now approaching completion would exceed the estimate by £1,684,000. Unhappily, the Railway Commissioners have repeatedly made inadequate estimates. They mistake the price of the land they will need; they cannot calculate the cost of construction, and they cannot form a probable idea of the amount of wear and tear for rails and rolling stock. Mr. Gillies had to take power to borrow a supplementary two and a half millions for them only a year ago. Their excuses are that there has been a land boom sending up the price of land, that our enhanced Protective duties have made labour and railway material dear, and that the traffic on our main lines has increased beyond all expectation. There is a little truth in all this, but it does not go far to palliate the disagreeable facts, that we shall pay four millions more for our new lines than we expected, and that we spent two millions of loan money last year and are going to spend four millions during the current twelve months.

As usual, the critics have made the Premier's task easy for him, and his really masterly speech at Kew was a little tinged with contempt for transparent blundering. And yet—and yet—even in the intoxication of a speech which, bristling as it did with financial details, nevertheless fascinated and carried away a large and a mixed audience, Mr. Gillies must have felt that he was mainly achieving a tactical success, and answering men who did not understand the full gravity of the situation. The real charges, which the public understands better than it can state them, are that we are spending too much borrowed money, and that our balance-sheets are presented year by year in such a way as to disguise the situation from all but a few business men, most of whom are interested in keeping things smooth. The last few years have been prosperous, and the administration since 1882 has been on the whole careful and good. We have now very nearly restricted our loans to railways and irrigation works, and in these we have scarcely made a bad investment, and could probably sell what we have undertaken, finished and unfinished together, for more than we owe to the English creditor. Our population is growing, our industries are increasing, and every month seems to add to our sources of wealth. Meanwhile our disposition to use foreign capital has increased faster than either our population or our wealth. We borrowed ten millions between 1870 and 1880; we took twenty more in the next eight years; and there is every sign that we shall apply for sixteen more in the next four, 1889-92. Indeed, as we took £3,000,000 in January, and have authorised £5,600,000 more, and are to make a Bill for fresh railways the first business of next session, the chances are that we shall commit ourselves to borrowing a great deal more than sixteen millions within the period I have named, though we may not actually float the loans. It is difficult to compare what we do with the practice of England, where railways are left to private enterprise. But if we take a highly centralised country like France we have a very fair parallel to Victoria. Now, I see that next year's expenditure in France is calculated at one hundred and forty millions, and English critics are agast. But if France, which has thirty-three times our population, were

to spend at our rate, her Budget for the year would exceed four hundred and sixty millions. Of course, the enormous advantage on our side is, that only a fraction of our expenditure goes for purposes of war, and that none of the money we owe has paid for glory or humiliation. Even so, the contrast between the new country that was scarcely born fifty years ago, and the old country that forty years ago had still a moderate debt, and that possessed the accumulated resources of centuries, is sufficiently remarkable.

The English investor will do well to consider the situation, for it is he who pours in the capital with which most of our public works are made, and out of which land-booms are developed. For the present, and even for a long time to come, I believe he is perfectly safe in lending to the State. I do not so much regard the material guarantees, which investors are apt to look to. If we had a long period of depression, many of our railways would barely pay expenses, and much of our State land would not be marketable. No one can say that such a period may not come upon us. Indian wheat may drive Australian out of the market, and our gold-fields, which have been declining for years, may be completely worked out. Nothing of this sort, however, can affect the character of the people. We have no tradition of repudiation in these colonies, and our people are too intelligent and well-educated to dream of resorting to it. We can retrench the large sum, latterly amounting to a million or thereabouts, which we spend year by year on public works, such as roads and bridges, which bring in no visible return. Our taxation admits of being supplemented in several important ways; by an excise on beer, for instance, which would not be unpopular, and by a property tax, which would. On the whole, I think our securities deserve even a higher position than they hold in the English market. Therefore, when English capital begins to get timid, as our borrowings increase beyond reasonable bounds, or when some future Treasurer has the courage to hold his hand, and finance without a loan for the year's need, the only loss experienced will be in Victoria. Our banks, which subsist very much upon State loans, will have to abridge the accommodation they now give, with ruinous results to the speculator and some hardship to the man of business. In this there will be no unmixed evil. More serious will be the condition of the great army of labourers who subsist on Government contracts, when these are withdrawn. The best that can be said is that, in a country where the labourer's vote is the ultimate force in the State, he will never be disregarded by any Government. Still, you can understand why a few of us are rather uneasy at the situation, even as we see it by the waning light of a "prosperity Budget." We should have been better pleased with a smaller surplus and less permanent debt.

One of the ablest members of our Parliamentary Opposition, Mr. Shiels, is leaving for England by this mail. Mr. Shiels is honourably identified with legislation for the protection of women, and succeeded last year in carrying a Divorce Bill through both Houses by overwhelming majorities. The Bill has been reserved for the Queen's assent, and the clerical party boast loudly that they can block it at home. A Divorce Bill which New South Wales sent home three years ago was, in fact, vetoed. In the present case, however, care has been taken to meet all the objections Lord Knutsford made to the first Bill, and it is well known that a measure like our own would have been sent up from New South Wales but for the accident of an adjournment, and has been accepted by the House of Assembly in South Australia. If, therefore, it should so happen that a measure practically approved in three colonies is defeated at home through the influence of Archbishop Benson or Bishop Moorhouse, I can only say that the sooner your Federation League closes its doors the better. There are many among us who wish for a closer union with Great Britain for Imperial purposes. There are none who would purchase it with the sacrifice of our right to legislate for ourselves in matters of purely domestic concern. I do not, of course, mean that we shall dream of separating if the Divorce Bill is vetoed.

We shall send it up again, year by year, in concert with the other colonies, till England gives way, as she did in the case of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Meanwhile, we should certainly take the veto as a proof that England is under influences which make a closer union with her undesirable.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

COPENHAGEN, February 1.

ALTHOUGH nothing definite has as yet been decided, there seems to be every likelihood of a Swedish Antarctic expedition, under the auspices of the celebrated Professor A. E. Nordenskiöld, of North-East Passage fame, becoming a reality. The matter was, indeed, brought under consideration as long ago as 1887, when Professor Nordenskiöld received a letter from the Agent-General for Victoria conveying to him the programme for an Antarctic expedition, framed by the Royal Society of Victoria, and an inquiry whether he would be inclined to take the command of such an expedition. The plan, however, proved impracticable at the time for want of a proper and suitable vessel, but it was not finally abandoned. At a recent meeting of the Swedish Academy of Science a communication was read to the effect that the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia was willing to contribute £5,000 towards the undertaking if a joint Swedish and Victorian Antarctic expedition could be arranged. Having received this information, Baron Nordenskiöld went to Gothenburg in order to confer with Baron Oscar Dickson about the matter. The latter was very much interested in the project, and promised pecuniary assistance, provided Australia contributed half the expenses of the expedition, their share not exceeding £5,000. Baron Dickson also made it a condition that the arrangements were left to Baron Nordenskiöld and himself. There seems consequently to be every prospect of the expedition being arranged, and Baron Nordenskiöld intends to use a vessel of the same size and construction as the *Vega*, with which he so successfully completed his circumnavigation ten years ago.

The expedition will, if realised, undoubtedly prove of great importance to science. The strictly geographical side of the question will not be allowed to predominate, although it will of course receive due attention; but Baron Nordenskiöld intends in the first instance, to throw as much light as possible upon those problems of natural science and geophysics which he may encounter. Zoological observations and examination of petrified remains of animal and vegetable life in the Antarctic basalt strata will also form an important portion of Baron Nordenskiöld's programme, coupled with hydrographic, meteorological, and magnetic questions, with reference to the solution of which accurate and reliable antarctic observations must be considered indispensable. Finally, the supposed wealth of the Antarctic seas in large fish and other animals may prove a matter of importance from a merely pecuniary point of view.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, Feb. 7, 1890.

THE young man of letters is seldom credited with modesty or any proneness to self-effacement; yet, it must be allowed, his behaviour during the last six weeks or so has displayed a quite admirable restraint. I will assume him to live somewhere between China and Peru, and consequently within shouting-distance of Criticism; that he buys his newspaper like any good citizen, or at least subscribes to a Press Cutting Agency; and, therefore, that he has heard his failings cried from the house-tops, and seen them paraded under his window behind the big drum. I will assume also that he owns enough humour to detect the solemn fatuity of these proceedings. And yet he has never retorted, even by a *tu quoque*. A din that would have fetched Charles Reade's hot head out at his lattice, and probably the contents of his

inkpot too, but draws the youthful writer to look down, nod, and throw a penny for the news. Now this shows the modern young man in a pleasant light; but possibly it were better that he took his "innings" (as he would put it), if only for Criticism's own sake, who is cutting a slightly disreputable figure, and stands in the way to cut a worse. Let us suppose him to bring her to book, politely mindful that the poor old trollop has been a lady and seen better days, and tactfully conveying his reproof under the form of an Apology for Himself.

"My dear madam," he might say, "ever since the obsequies of Robert Browning—a great poet whom you, by the way, had no share in discovering—you have been obstreperously insisting that Poetry, Style, Fiction, and Oratory are moribund in our midst; and that I am to blame. Indeed, if your assertion be true, I *am* to blame; but surely, madam, the accusation should not come from *you*. I will set Oratory aside; for I and my fellows, looking at man's history, and what Oratory has done for him, confess we would cheerfully see that art at her last gasp to-morrow. But—Literature? It would be an impolite glance at your age to ask what has taken your memory; but surely it is a trifle odd for you to speak of the splendid times that gave you 'Pippa Passes' and 'Rhoda Fleming' hot from the press! Why, madam, you tried to strangle 'Rhoda Fleming' at birth.

"This, however, is but recrimination; and I have a more useful word for you. You had, long ago, a notable servant called Samuel Johnson: you have more recently employed one as notable, called Matthew Arnold. Perhaps we might profitably compare them for a moment. Each was a poet: but you would hardly place 'The Vanity of Human Wishes' on a line with 'Thyrsis.' Each was a critic: but I imagine Arnold could never have perpetrated that astounding estimate of 'Lycidas.' In what you term 'poetic insight,' in scholarship, culture, taste, delicacy of feeling—in all but a big heart, Arnold was miles ahead of the lumbering Doctor. He stood so much better equipped (to all seeming) that Johnson looks provincial, parochial even, beside him. And yet—which *helped* letters the more? For that, after all, is the highest service of Criticism; not to advance or lower the reputation of the dead. Well, we know how the 'Vicar of Wakefield' came to be published: we know how Johnson put life and impetus into the work of his contemporaries. What did Matthew Arnold for his?

"Did he discover one? Did he tender encouraging aid to one? He made us admire Wordsworth and many dead men; he taught us to abhor 'Philistinism' and many living defects. But even when he takes so modern a theme as Tolstoi's novels, it is not till Tolstoi's novel-writing is over. In short, he trained public taste; and the finality of his judgment gained infinitely from his habit of choosing the dead for his theme. But between Johnson and Arnold lies as broad a gulf as between Lamb and Macaulay.

"For my part, madam, I am so glad to be in existence (a blessing denied to Keats, whom, by the way, you are wrongly but curiously accused of killing) as to prefer a live dog, so he be lively enough, to a dead lion. But are you so sure there are no young lions about? I am no critic by trade; yet being also no great artist, am occasionally forced, for daily bread, to review the works of my brothers; and (to reduce my preaching to practice) let me whisper a discovery I made some days ago—a real new poet! or, rather, a young man with the makings of one. You smile at the word 'young,' and I understand you. But see here.

"You appreciate William Shakespeare, and own him the prince of fairy-land (*inter alia regna*). You can see the exquisite poetry of—

" 'The cowslips tall her pensioners be,'

and of—

" '—fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream.'

"This is perfect; but can you not perceive a like poetic quality, half developed, in the following?—

" 'Weave the dance and sing the song,
Subterranean depths *prolong*
The rainy patter of our feet'?

or in this—

" 'A human fiddler learned the tune,
And played it at a merry-making:
Still he plays; the clowns still dance
In a jolly jigging trance;
For them to rest there is no waking
Till—'

There is a vast difference of quality, no doubt. The young poet cannot touch 'following darkness like a dream;' but, then, suppose you had to judge Shakespeare by the *Comedy of Errors* alone?

"I came on the above lines (and many others) with delight, in a small volume by one John Davidson, entitled (infelicitously) 'Scaramouch in Naxos.' It is full of inequalities and nonsense; but full also of style and feeling for language. For instance, all young poets try their hand on the moon; and this is how Mr. Davidson succeeds:—

" 'Surely, the moon is arming for the night:
O, now, I see her silver harness gleam
Behind the dusky curtains of her tent!
While the wind, swelling, sounds a trumpet-note,
She showers her bounteous shadow on the sea,
A largesse to the waves that toss their caps;
And now she leaps into the lists of heaven.'

In fact, this poet, whose youth I gather only from his writing, has, in my poor opinion, achieved the best imitation of Shakespeare since Lamb's day. The imitation is apparent, of course."

And here naturally follows a discussion on Originality. Gladly resuming my own person, I would urge that few tendencies of Modern Criticism are more irritating than this of demanding "originality" in a new writer. If you wish (unlikely supposition!) your boy to study Art, you set him down to copy old masterpieces. And surely this is the only rational mode of learning to write also. In what other way could Cardinal Newman or Matthew Arnold or Robert Louis Stevenson have learnt—those bright particular masters of language?

And as for the present lull in good song, may we not find the explanation here? Poetry deals with Life, but Life, which was a pageant, has become a problem. Now when faced with a problem you may do one of two things. You may (if a very great man) solve it, as Browning did, but

"—what labour!
O prince, what pain!"

And, I will add, what a time it takes, first to reach, then to express, lastly to sell, your solution! Or, as a second course, you may abandon the problem; and you will write of despair and say, "Who can tell?" and "What of the dead?" and "How sweet and yet how strange!" and "Love is Death"—remarks that have been made before, and never with conspicuous success. This is what our young men seem to be doing; but no doubt other young men are struggling for the truth, and we shall hear their voices in time. At any rate, Despair is a broken-winged Pegasus.

On the whole, it is difficult to sympathise with the carping dotage into which English criticism has fallen. Mr. W. D. Howells, across the Atlantic, beats his country's *tom-tom* dismally enough; but even he talks of hope. And so, though posterity is

little likely to talk of the spacious times of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Howells has at least the excuse of a nurse who says, "That's a good boy!" as an expression of hope rather than of fact, and is so far intelligible.

Φ.

The next addition to Warne's "Chandos Classics" will be Napier's "Peninsular War," in six volumes. The controversies which gathered round this book on its appearance in 1828-40 are well-nigh forgotten, and this very cheap edition will have none but dispassionate readers.

All good Johnsonians swear by Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell. The six noble tomes are dear to their hearts. But for those who want a Boswell without notes there is nothing better than the late Mr. Napier's edition. Mrs. Robina Napier added a very useful volume of Johnsoniana, including Mrs. Thrale's now scarce anecdotes of Johnson. On the death of Mr. Napier in 1888, his publisher asked Mrs. Robina Napier to edit "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," and this new edition is nearly ready for publication. Mr. Napier had undertaken the task which his wife has accomplished, but had scarcely commenced it when he died.

None too soon Mr. William Morris is contemplating the possibility of a one-volume edition of the "Earthly Paradise." These beautiful tales in verse should be better known among the people, to whom the poet has of late years devoted so much of his time. The only cheap edition at present is in five ugly little volumes at five shillings each. It would be a good beginning to cheapen the library edition.

Mr. R. Louis Stevenson has written a series of descriptive sketches which he intends to publish under the title of "South Sea Idylls."

As Messrs. Macmillan have anticipated and forestalled all attempts at competition on the expiration of the copyright of the Kingsley novels by their sixpenny editions, so Messrs. Smith & Elder are reminding us that *Vanity Fair* was published forty-two years ago by issuing a shilling edition of Thackeray's great work. But the very size of Thackeray's novel is to the advantage of his publishers. No Camelot, or Chandos, or Red Library volume would contain the whole of *Vanity Fair*.

REVIEWS.

GREATER BRITAIN.

PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN. By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co., 1890.

FIRST NOTICE.

THE announcement of a work on this great subject by Sir Charles Dilke will have excited high expectations, and those expectations will not be disappointed. The treatise now before us is the product of a strong masculine intelligence applied to a task vast indeed, yet not too vast to be attempted with success. The enormous knowledge, the unflagging industry of the author, have given him the mastery of materials sufficient to set up in business half-a-dozen ordinary politicians or writers. Mastery it is, for though literary grace and charm may be wanting in the work, the qualities of order, perspicacity, subordination of detail to general effect, are eminently present, and combine what in weaker hands would have been a chaos of statistics into the parts of one great, luminous survey. Final and definitive no book can possibly be which deals with the ever-changing life of our own Empire; but it is not too much to say that, for present time and the near future, Sir Charles Dilke's work must be the classical work on its subject, the work to which all must come whose business lies in this broad political region. Its conclusions, its conceptions on matters of opinion, may be, and will be, controverted; its forecasts, as time goes on, may or may not be borne out by events; but with whatever eyes our children may look back upon the closing years of this century and upon the problems which will then have received their solution, our own political generation will find its difficulties, its achievements, nowhere more intelligently studied, more faithfully recorded, than in the work before us.

Sir Charles Dilke has explained in his preface that, ten years after the publication of his early book of travel, "Greater Britain,"

he endeavoured to bring those volumes up to date by the insertion of footnotes and of two new chapters, written after a second voyage round the globe. The attempt, however, was not, in the opinion of the author, a successful one, since nothing less than an entire re-casting of the work could have brought it abreast of the time. Two more journeys half round the world have not inclined the traveller to put new wine into his old bottles; he has preferred to undertake an entirely new work, dealing with the parts of the Empire from the point of view, not of descriptive sight-seeing, but of political and social observation and comparison. The present treatise is occupied in a special degree with the relations of the English-speaking countries to one another, and with the comparative politics of the lands under British government. An author who has twice been round the world, and who has subsequently made two journeys half round it, is hardly to be described as an arm-chair student. Sir Charles Dilke, however, in a passing remark on the sources of his material, indicates, as might be expected, that what the eye can see for itself is after all a trifling part of what must enter the chambers of knowledge in any considerable investigation. "The material in my own case," he says, "has chiefly been amassed by some industry in reading many things that issue from Colonial presses, and discussing the matters to which they relate with Colonists of all pursuits."

The method followed in the book is one that may be called scientific; and though it leads here and there to a repetition of the same facts, it is justified by its results. The self-governing Colonies are first taken, Colony by Colony, in the three groups of North America, Australasia, and South Africa. India and the Crown Colonies are next separately dealt with; and then follows what may be described as the second or generalising part of the work, standing to the first something in the relation of ledger to cash-book: a discussion on the leading Colonial problems, on the future relations of the Mother-Country to the remainder of the Empire, and on Imperial Defence. In the sketch of Canada, with which the work opens, the author dwells with force on the thoroughly French and Catholic character of the province of Quebec, and on the extraordinary effects produced by a system of real self-government in attaching this non-British population to the British Empire. It would be interesting to compare the actual state of the province of Quebec with the predictions made in both Houses of Parliament during the long debates that followed the rebellion of 1837. Certainly the most sanguine could hardly have anticipated that in a country where the French are in an overwhelming and ever-increasing majority, where the French language is used equally with English in the Legislature and in all official documents, and where there is virtually a Roman Established Church, there should be now found the strongest attachment to the British Crown, the most determined hostility to ideas of separation, or of union with the neighbouring Republic. And if the loyalty of the French province of Quebec has now been fairly won by the grant and the exercise of its liberties, not less cheering are the results that have followed from Canadian Federation and its visible emblem, the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Those who, twenty years ago, listened to the eloquent conversation of Mr. Goldwin Smith, will remember the gleam that used to pass over his grave features when he described Canada as a fishing-rod held in the air by its thin end; the thick end—the great North-West—ready to snap off at the slightest additional strain, and to fall by mere gravitation into the solid mass that lay to its south. But the Canadian Pacific Railway has strung together the whole with its column of steel, and, substituting for the natural connecting-line with the South, one of superior convenience and swiftness towards the East, has made that union a physical reality which was at one time but a creation of law. When it is remembered that the representatives of Columbia, on its admission to the Dominion in 1871, came to Ottawa after a sea-voyage to San Francisco, followed by a weary journey through the United States, it will be seen of what import in the future of Canada is the railway that unites the St. Lawrence with the Pacific coast.

Australia, as Sir Charles Dilke points out, is the most thoroughly British of all the groups of Colonies—in the sense that the population is, for all practical purposes, British, and British alone. In Canada we conquered a resident French population; in South Africa there is a Dutch majority. Australia, the most purely national, is also by far the most interesting of our Colonial possessions. Climate, geographical and physical conditions, seem likely to produce a far more rapid development of new varieties of our old stock than the cold North, where the winters are long, and even the summer heat encourages no more stimulating occupation than wheat-growing. The parched interior of Australia can, it is believed, be made fertile by water-storage and irrigation. Already in these youngest

of human societies Nature seems to be asserting over man something of that constraining power with which she moulded the earliest civilisations on the Euphrates and the Nile. To found a strong central government, to invest it with power upon power, was the last thing that would have occurred to the minds of those who colonised every part of Australia; yet in Victoria, the truest and most advanced type of Australian state, the central government already finds itself compelled to take into its own charge the whole of the water-heads; and if the irrigation of those immeasurable plains which stretch across the continent is to be successfully accomplished, it must be by the exertion of a central authority which the Pharaohs would not have despised. But there is no reason to suppose that the activity of free local institutions need be impaired. It will possibly be the destiny of Australia to exhibit, in contrast to the individualism of the United States, the co-operation of an imposing central power with the most democratic local organisations in promoting the happiness and the welfare of the community.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Four Vols. Vol. II. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S style is so fluent, and his attitude as a chronicler so fair-minded, that we cannot refrain from grumbling a little at the concessions which he thinks it necessary to make to the general reader. For it is manifestly with the intention of deluding that not very worshipful personage into the belief that he is reading a novel that Mr. McCarthy condescends to prank his chapters with such "lean and flashy" titles as "The Banished Prince," "A Perilous Victory," "And when he Falls—" and so forth—artifices scarcely worthy of the Muse of History. Evil things and slanderous have been said of this particular daughter of Mnemosyne; she has even been suspected of being that very Fiction to which Mr. McCarthy seeks to assimilate her; but at least she has her fitting canonicals, not lightly to be cast aside. Surely the gain in audience is scarcely worth the departure from that elder and better manner of an argument or summary, by which, in the absence of the "General Index" which we trust is coming, the perplexed student may take occasional count of his whereabouts, and (as the American tongue has it) "orient" himself. Then again, it is, we assume, for the same reason that Mr. McCarthy so sedulously refrains from notes of any kind, or, save in the text, from references to authorities. His answer would no doubt be, with Cobbett, that the footnote is the mark of the incompetence that fails to confine its message in the text, and that the general reader (the general reader again!) does not take kindly to notes. Still there must be many to whom, as to ourselves, a history without notes has the nakedness of a draught-horse without harness; to whom the obligation to take the writer upon trust without the production, except casually in the text, of chapter and verse, is a thing to be resented; and to whom an occasional illustration, or the amplification of a statement not easily fusible in a rapid style, afford pleasant and profitable enlightenment at the page-foot. We are willing, however, to regard ourselves in this respect as old-fashioned. But upon another point we shall continue to remain conservative. In a book of such importance as the "History of the Four Georges," it is unquestionably a defect, seeing the subject is by no means virgin soil, that the author has disdained, either by way of preface or postscript, to give any indication of the exact scope and purpose of his work.

Left, however, to our own ingenuity in this matter, we conclude that it has been Mr. McCarthy's desire, not so much to propound new views, or to produce new material, as to give a bright, readable, and not too exhaustive narrative of the life and times of the four Georges, the career of the second of whom, bating two or three chapters included in the previous volume, is contained in that under notice. If this be his intention, he must be held to have succeeded. Those who are familiar with Hervey's "Memoirs," or Horace Walpole's "Letters," will not, it is true, find much that is new to them in Mr. McCarthy's pages. But "wit and fine writing," says Mr. Joseph Addison, "doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn." Mr. McCarthy is too practised a craftsman not to have given this agreeable turn to his work. Nothing could be more skilful, even after the "Heart of Midlothian," than his account of the Porteous Riots; nothing more effective than his new setting of the old story of the "Forty Five," with its apt quotations from Mr. Swinburne's "Jacobite's

Exile," and Mr. Sala's too-much-neglected *pastiche* of "Captain Dangerous." Excellent, too, is his little pen-portrait, after Hogarth, of that impenitent old rebel, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, with all those characteristic features which the artist's needle immortalised: "the unwieldy trunk, the swollen legs, the horrible, cunning, satyr-like face, with its queerly lifted eyebrows, its flattened sensual nose, and its enormous mouth," and "the odd dogmatic gesture with which the index finger of the left hand touches the thumb of the right," as he counts over the clans. Mr. McCarthy is wrong, however, in thinking that in 1745 Hogarth was already the author of "Industry and Idleness," which was not issued until two years later; and he is also in error in saying, as he does presently, that Hogarth certainly executed the famous picture and famous plate which is known as the "March to Finchley." That he executed the picture is certain, but it is equally certain that the plate—and not unfortunately for its success—was engraved by the gifted but dissipated Irish artist, Luke Sullivan. This, however, is a trifling matter which weighs little against the skill with which Mr. McCarthy has treated other slides in the Georgian magic lantern. He has even succeeded in imparting freshness to what Thackeray calls that "wonderful history" of Queen Caroline's death-bed, with its queer watchers—Hervey, with his pale uncanny face, the weary Princesses, the anxious cynicism of Walpole, and here, there, and everywhere, the burlesque figure of the little Valoroso of a king, alternately bullying and blubbing, or vapouring to his sleepy audience of his ancient bravery at Sluys and Oudenarde. Nor is Mr. McCarthy less happy in his account of those extraordinary and shameful circumstances with which his Majesty's contemptible eldest son managed to surround the advent "into a very disagreeable world" of his hapless infant daughter.

Another excellent chapter is devoted to "Wesley and Methodism;" another, headed "Rogues and Vagabonds," deals with the famous Licensing Act. Mr. McCarthy's utterances on this subject are especially notable, because he examines the arguments for and against the censorship of the stage (including that famous speech of Lord Chesterfield in which he vindicated the House of Lords from any precarious dependence upon wit, a sarcasm which Mr. McCarthy is too courteous to recall), and he sums up on the whole in its favour. He has never heard, he says, of any play worth seeing that was lost to the English stage through the censorship of the drama, a deliverance which may be set against that expressed not long since, in a note to the Reynolds "Boswell," by Professor Henry Morley, to the effect that "the function of the Lord Chamberlain, discreditable in its origin, still contributes to the degradation of the stage." Considering that origin, Mr. McCarthy might perhaps have been more explicit. The story of the farce of the *Golden Rump* is exceedingly obscure, and although it may be that Cox's account is substantially correct, Mr. McCarthy must also be aware that it has been suggested, not without some show of probability, that Walpole himself had the obnoxious piece written in order to precipitate the legislation into which he had been stung by Fielding's clever satires of "Pasquin" and the "Historical Register for the Year 1736."

Fielding's name, which Mr. McCarthy does not mention in this connection, reminds us to speak of his treatment of literature under the monarch who loved neither "boetry" nor "bainting." It must be confessed that it is somewhat capricious. He mentions Defoe, and Gay, of whose masterpiece he talks as the *Beggars' Opera*, a mistake almost as common as that other which makes Farquhar the author of the *Beau's Stratagem*. To Pope he gives an eloquent and appreciative paragraph, although it is sheer extravagance to say that "there is *hardly a line* [the italics are ours] of 'The Rape of the Lock,' or 'The Dunciad' that has not passed into the habitual conversation of our lives." Of Swift, as might be anticipated, he takes a view which is considerably at variance with that of Thackeray. In this he is by no means singular. But in speaking of Stella as Swift's "dead wife" he must be regarded rather as expressing a personal opinion than as stating an established fact. Many good judges, despite Mr. Henry Craik's elaborate enquiries, are still unconvinced that any marriage ever took place. As to Fielding, whose entire literary life is comprised in the reign of George II., beyond using Sophia Western as an illustration, and referring incidentally to his political journalism, Mr. McCarthy says nothing; nor does he even mention Richardson or Smollett—omissions which seem odd in a brother novelist, and are not to be explained by motives of delicacy, since he devotes unusual space to Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," which, by its first two volumes only, belongs to the last months of George's reign. We quit Mr. McCarthy's volume with the same mixed feelings which have accompanied us throughout. That it is the work of an accomplished and popular

man of letters, whose mental attitude is just and moderate, and whose power of descriptive narrative is considerable, it is impossible to deny. But it is equally impossible, looking to his plan and its limitations, to describe it as a definitive, or even an adequate, history of the reign of the second of the Georges.

AN EMPIRE'S FALL.

THE EVE OF AN EMPIRE'S FALL. By Madame Carette (*née* Bouvet). Authorised translation. London: Dean & Son. 1890.

THIS is the sort of book about grave events which interests the worldly diplomat and the avid journalist rather than the graver historian. Public or published documents are sometimes used, but in feminine fashion; and, indeed, one who should go for his history to a maid of honour would deserve to be sent empty away, with some mischievous quip of *espièglerie* like Mme. Carette's pretty practical joke with bogey Bismarck in 1867, when, as Mlle. Bouvet, she led the cotillon at the Tuileries, and made him waltz with her. And very well he waltzed, and very pleasantly he paid the saucy maiden a well-turned compliment, which is doubtless why she still thinks the homebred grisliness of his humour nothing but "the fine point of delicate French wit."

If feminine memoirs deal not always with practical politics, they often illuminate an episode, as when we get a brief sketch of charming Mme. Emile Ollivier's brief apparition in daring "high-necked dresses of white gauze," with sprigs of heather in her fair hair, among the Imperial low-dressed maids of honour at Court dinners in the spring days of eventful 1870; or when the Empress is shown ominously tearing her train of pale straw-coloured Chinese crape covered with white lace, as she goes to the declaration of the triumphant *plébiscite* on the 21st of May, along the very gallery of the Louvre through which she fled, pale and in black, "with thick veil and travelling cloak," on the following 4th of September.

All the runaway flight of the heroic Empress is so well told as to be more attractive than many an unreal romance; but Mme. Carette saw it not, and gets it chiefly from Mme. de la Poëze. But it was not even she, but Mme. Lebreton, who alone was with the fallen lady at the very last, and who, while the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors ran off in one direction for a carriage, actually haled the Empress the other way into a passing cab.

The Empress is naturally the principal figure in the greater part of a book which is so loyal to her; and her fateful forebodings almost wail from every page. Mme. Carette says it was not "the Empress's war." Of course it was not—it was everybody's war; but there was one little saying of hers on the day war was declared—"We have but one card to play"—which must continue to be food for thought. And all the elements of highest tragedy may here be seen hurtling like a phantasma or a hideous dream around Napoleon III., long before he tried with innate obstinacy at Sedan—as we must now believe he did—for a violent end that would not come.

First and foremost, De Morny was no more. Then Corsican-killing and Albanian-killing cousin Pierre has the "misfortune," on the 10th of January, 1870, also to kill young Victor Noir of the Communists, as they were to be. That "fatal event" and its immediate sequel were imperious causes of the casting of the die for a war that might save the dynasty—for the playing of "our one card." Then the Duke de Montpensier, on the 12th of April, kills Don Enrique de Bourbon in a duel, and so puts himself out of the running for the Spanish throne, which Napoleon distinctly said he would not object to his taking. Then distinguished Prévost-Paradol shoots himself in despairing rage at seeming to have rattled to the Empire that is making the fatal war.

And then, to the last moment—aye, and after it—the Emperor himself was the only one who believed and shuddered at Colonel Stoffel's Cassandra reports from Berlin. "Ah! no doubt he's got another of that bird of ill omen's reports!" was the luckless Duke de Gramont's constant sneer when he saw Napoleon gloomy. The French Minister at Stuttgart, even after the first disastrous battles, sent to the Empress by Mme. Carette a special message that "at our very first success" all South Germany would declare against Prussia. This was pure dementia, and nothing else. Even to this day, in this book and out of it, the French persist in seeing in the millions that overwhelmed them nothing but "the Prussian troops" and "the Prussian officers." And still Mme. Carette makes it palpable that all was

blind ineptness and infatuation; and the lying—it is childish to put a tooth in it—of the Imperial system was thorough throughout everything. In seven different important places of this short book Mme. Carette shows it up; and the most glaring case is perhaps a barefaced report from the criminally ignorant prefect of her own department, the Aisne, telling the Empress, when "the Prussians" were coming on through France hand over hand, that the citadel guns at Laon "commanded the plain," when she (Mme. Carette) knew very well, and straightway told the Empress so, that these same guns had been long rusting dismounted beside their rotting carriages in the grass of the fortifications.

Very little is said of Bazaine; the thorny subject is briefly passed over with the lightest touch, and the extraordinary Régnier-Bazaine-Bourbaki episode of Metz is made almost more mysterious than ever by the mysterious way in which Mme. Carette intimates that no one about the then exiled Empress knew anything about how it all arose.

But the Orleanist Trochu is here, with rank injustice, the Imperial scapegoat. He is the long-winded, self-seeking, report-writing, pamphlet-printing, revolutionary, treason-stained Trochu, whom the Empress distrusted, and detested, and shelved; and who—look on the picture of gallant Bismarck and on this—even declined to take Mme. Carette's proffered little arm in to dinner at Compiègne. In return she says of him (at p. 185) what perhaps a woman alone would print.

Thiers, too, comes in for a back-handed blow, and is accused of sending word by the Duchess de Mouchy to the Emperor, a fortnight before war was declared, that "war with Prussia had been the dream of his life," and offering his devoted services. Napoleon dallied, and Thiers a few days later began to speak against war, and so laid the foundations of his subsequent great popularity.

Mme. Carette tells a *ben trovato* story of Prince Lucien Bonaparte saying to his brother Pierre, when it was proposed he should take refuge in England after all the Victor Noir business: "I would never do, my dear fellow. If a 'misfortune' were to happen to you here, you see, they'd hang you; and then I should be turned out of my club."

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA EXPEDITION. By A. J. Wauters. London: John C. Nimmo. 1890.

A CLEAR and connected account of the circumstances which led to Emin Pasha's establishment as Governor of the Equatorial Province of Egypt, and of those which subsequently combined to shut him out from the civilised world, is so eminent a desideratum that, at first sight, M. Wauters' book appears as a veritable god-send. A handy volume, conveying in a concise narrative, free from unnecessary technicalities and details, information which must at present be sought piecemeal in files of newspapers and proceedings of geographical societies, is exactly what is wanted just now. M. Wauters does not profess to be an African explorer, or to speak with the authority of first-hand experience; but a digest of the results of exploration, such as is here offered, has, if carefully and conscientiously done, a distinct and undeniable value of its own.

This consideration adds to the regret with which, after a careful examination, we are compelled to acknowledge that M. Wauters' book by no means comes up to this standard. He has not been fortunate in his translator—whose English is occasionally of a curious type, as evinced in the "gently heaving soil" of the idyllic Paradise which the enthusiastic Dr. Schweinfurth discovered in the Monbuttu country. But this, after all, is comparatively a minor matter. Somewhat more serious are the evidences of haste afforded by such slips as "Victoria Falls" for "Stanley Falls" on p. 125, and various numerical statements which are very hard to account for. The area of Stanley Pool is given on p. 188 as "about nine square miles," whereas, in reality, it is about 200, or, according to Mr. Stanley, even more. On the other hand, the width of the Congo is decidedly exaggerated on p. 211, where we read, "between the points of confluence of the Mongalla and the Itimbiri it is over twenty miles, about the width of the Straits of Dover." It is true that the Congo attains its maximum width (except, of course, in the Pool, and the estuary) between the points named, but nowhere does that width, including the islands, exceed *ten* miles; and this estimate we believe to be a liberal one.

But we are sorry to find that the value of the work is even more seriously impaired than by mere carelessness of statement. It is evident, on the most cursory perusal, that M. Wauters holds a brief for the Congo State, and is determined to justify that institution and all its ways to the very uttermost—no matter to whose detriment. This is not the place to discuss how far the "État Indépendant" has realised, or failed to realise, the noble ideal of its founder; but we cannot in common justice overlook such statements as that on p. 141, where, in order to excuse—as we have good grounds for saying—the action, or want of action, of the Congo State Government, he casts an undeserved slur on the memory of one of the noblest of Englishmen. The loss of Stanley Falls Station, he says, "was to be attributed, not so much to any positive hostility on the part of the Arabs, as to the incapability of the controller of the station, Mr. Deane, an Englishman." It is true that Mr. Stanley, in one of his recent letters—we hope, in a passing moment of irritation—has allowed a disparaging reference to Mr. Deane's conduct to escape him; but we think no one who has read and well weighed the account given in Captain Coquilhat's valuable work ("Sur le Haut Congo") will concur in such an estimate.

On page 170, when dwelling on the scarcity of provisions between Mpallaballa and Léopoldville, M. Wauters asserts that the withdrawal of the natives from the caravan routes is due to the outrages and depredations committed by native porters and the soldiers in the service of the State. This is to a certain extent true; but he has omitted to mention that the state of affairs it is at least equally due to the system of reprisals pursued by State officials, in burning down whole villages as a punishment for robberies of State stores committed on the road. And then we have (p. 171, and also *infra*, p. 207) the remarkable statement that in the places where the natives had not already fled, "when the report was circulated that the notorious Bula Matari was advancing with 1,000 men, all armed with guns, the alarm was so great that for a week the ordinary market-places were quite deserted"—the truth being that the name of "Bula Matari" is a tower of strength on the Congo, and the news that he was really coming back again did more than anything to restore the confidence of the natives.

One cannot help being amused, and also somewhat surprised, at the *naïveté* with which M. Wauters, after declaring (on p. 197) that "thus far, then, as regarded the vessels that had been promised by the State, all was satisfactory," prints (on p. 200) Stanley's assertion that "I had not anticipated . . . the absence of steamers and boats." It is also interesting to compare Mr. Stanley's account of his difference of opinion with Mr. Billington, in the matter of the *Henry Reed*, with that of Mr. Wauters—which, we need scarcely say, redounds greatly to the glory of the State officials in general and Captain Liebrechts in particular.

While mentioning Mr. Stanley's letters, we may as well observe that the translator appears to have performed a work of supererogation with regard to most of them. They (as well as a quotation from Sir Samuel Baker's "Albert Nyanza," which appears on pages 5-7), have been translated into French for the original work (or the articles in the *Mouvement Géographique*, whence it was compiled), and laboriously translated back again: hence the differences revealed by a comparison of M. Wauters' text with that reproduced from the columns of the daily papers, in Mr. J. Scott Keltie's handy little volume. The later quotations, however, appear to be taken directly from the original.

We have no space to quote in detail all the inaccuracies—to give them no worse name—which may be detected by a careful perusal of the volume before us. The imputations on Major Barttelot's capacity and conduct contained in chapter xvi. are, we believe, entirely unfounded; and the difficulties with which that unfortunate officer had to contend scarcely receive adequate recognition. We observe a misstatement on p. 300, which must be due to carelessness—Mr. Jameson did *not* "die without being able to make the Europeans at the station understand what had been the object of his coming." On the contrary, by a heroic effort he conquered his weakness so far as to tell Mr. Ward—in whose arms he died—what had happened at the camp.

It is perhaps only to be expected that M. Wauters' description of the Congo State and its territories should be deeply tinged with rose-colour. He exaggerates both the number of posts occupied by the State, and the progress made in them. The description of Léopoldville on p. 194 is perhaps only slightly touched up; but what are we to say of the "tier upon tier of buildings constructed of kiln-burned bricks" (p. 221) seen by Mr. Stanley on his arrival at Bangala in 1887, when we have it on unimpeachable authority that, at this very time, there was *one* brick house in the settlement, and that barely finished! But it would be an endless task to enumerate all such points in

detail. We must refer to the work itself for proof that we have not been captious or reckless in our strictures.

The book is prettily got up, and illustrated with views of scenery—some of which are old familiar friends, duly acknowledged, others probably new—and portraits, seemingly engraved from photographs, though it is not stated whence they are derived, of Mr. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Lupton Bey, and Dr. Junker.

A SEA STORY.

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY. By W. Clark Russell, Author of "The Frozen Pirate," &c. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

HARDLY any English novelist has justified his vocation in the present day more thoroughly than Mr. Clark Russell. It is now, if we mistake not, a dozen years since he began to delight this generation with his tales of the sea, and from the appearance of his first book down to the present moment there is no lover of the ocean amongst us who has not looked forward with eager anticipation to the appearance of another novel from his pen. Seldom have these anticipations been disappointed. Of late, indeed, there have been signs of growing power on the part of the novelist; his descriptions of life on board ship, and of all the varied and wonderful phenomena of the ocean, with its calms and its storms, its tragedies and its mysteries, have continued to be as vivid as of yore. But Mr. Clark Russell has at the same time shown an increasing knowledge of character, and a power to handle themes which were far above his grasp when he began his career as the successor of Captain Marryat. Such stories as his "Frozen Pirate," and that in which he presented the old legend of the Flying Dutchman under a new aspect, would have been remarkable even if they had contained nothing of Mr. Russell's knowledge of the sea and power of describing ocean life. It is with extreme regret, therefore, that we find ourselves compelled to find fault with some things in "An Ocean Tragedy." It is true that the book is distinguished by most of those good qualities which have earned for Mr. Russell's stories their well-deserved popularity. All the minute details of life on board a dainty pleasure-yacht in the days before steam had become almost universal, are painted for us in such a way that we can realise them for ourselves. All the phenomena of a voyage in the Southern Atlantic are described with a vividness that leaves nothing to be desired; whilst the sailors, who are the objects of Mr. Russell's most loving care, live and move before us not as phantoms, but as real creatures. As a story, too, the book is so interesting that when the reader has once taken it up he hardly cares to lay it down until he has reached the end. It is from no lack of skill, therefore, on the author's part that this particular story of his fails to leave behind it the pleasant impression for which we have so often been indebted to Mr. Russell in the past. The failure is due simply to the fact that the author has been unfortunate in his choice of a theme. A guilty wife flying with her lover from a husband who is more than half mad, and who is in hot pursuit, intent upon vengeance, is not a pleasant subject for a story, whether of the sea or of the land; nor can it be said that it is made the less unpleasant by the manner in which Mr. Russell handles it. There is plenty of excitement in the tale of the pursuit, but the vengeance taken by the husband is not only melodramatic in its character, but is distinctly repugnant to English sentiment. Mr. Russell, it is true, fixes the date of his story some fifty years back, when public opinion on the subject of duelling in this country had not advanced to the point which it has now reached; but it may be doubted whether, even fifty years ago, a duel like that which is fought on the deck of the *Bride* between the owner of the vessel and the captured lover of his wife, would not have been regarded as something very like a murder. Nor can we approve of Mr. Russell's elaborate descriptions of the various forms of delusion from which the injured husband suffered. These grave faults, however, hardly detract from the interest of the story—do not detract at all, indeed, from the fascination of those parts of it which deal with sea life, with shipwreck, and with the wonders revealed by the upheaval of a volcanic mountain in mid-ocean. In touching on these topics Mr. Russell is just as happy as ever, and we can only hope that in his next story he will be successful in avoiding those subjects of madness and adultery which he can well afford to leave to less able and less agreeable writers.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE magazines for February contain more than the usual proportion of articles of interest. The *Contemporary* is a particularly good number; Sir Gavan Duffy's article on Australian Federation puts the views of that veteran statesman, with which the readers of THE SPEAKER have already been made acquainted, with force and clearness. Archdeacon Farrar discourses on Bishop Lightfoot with sympathetic insight and familiarity. The examiners in the School of Modern History at Oxford arise in their wrath to vindicate themselves against the charges of Professor Thorold Rogers. The literary element in the review is supplied by Mr. J. M. Barrie, who criticises Mr. Baring Gould as a novelist, and detects in him that want of sympathy which must always be fatal to real success in the art of fiction. One of the most interesting papers in any of the magazines of the present month is the account given by a contributor to the *Contemporary* of a voyage with General Gordon in the spring of 1882. There is nothing new in the touching narrative of the great soldier's trip in a 300-ton vessel from the Mauritius to the Cape; but we are afforded once more a glimpse of the strength and the weakness of the hero's character, witness again his beautiful courtesy to women, his tender love for children; and smaller mortals than General Gordon will doubtless derive comfort from the fact that even his heroic courage was not proof against the miseries of sea-sickness. Mr. Frank Hill contributes an excellent article on "The Future of English Monarchy," a subject which in a different form engages the attention of Mr. Saintsbury in the *New Review*. Mr. Hill and Mr. Saintsbury are distinguished ornaments of English journalism, the one using his pen on the Liberal and the other on the Conservative side. It is somewhat curious to observe that Mr. Saintsbury, the Conservative writer, is distinctly more pessimistic in his view of the future of the monarchy than Mr. Hill. Mr. Haldane's contribution to the *Contemporary* on the subject of the Eight Hours Bill has special value, because it appraises at its true worth that movement in favour of a modified State Socialism, the importance and extent of which are so curiously exaggerated by its enthusiastic advocates. No one can wish to disparage the able and ardent young men who have recently given their ideas to the world in the Fabian Essays, but it is curious that these gentlemen are labouring under the delusion that they are now a great factor in English political life. In certain little coteries in London they are doubtless taken at their own valuation, but provincial England knows them not, and Mr. Haldane fairly emphasises the fact.

The *Nineteenth Century* is solid and substantial this month, but contains nothing particularly brilliant. We have referred elsewhere to Professor Huxley's criticism of Henry George's theories. Mr. Fraser Rae tells us much that is new and interesting even about so well-worn a theme as gambling at Monte Carlo. A word of praise is due to Mr. Henry Blackburn for his article upon the illustration of books and newspapers, and the attention of the reader ought to be drawn to his account (not original) of the transmission of plans, and even drawings, by electric telegraph. The writer who signs himself E. B. Lanin contributes the only noticeable article to this month's *Fortnightly*, for there is nothing deserving of special attention in Mr. Mallock's crude attack on Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Lanin depicts the realities of Russian life, and sets them before us in a very sombre light. It is evident, however, that he writes from a profound knowledge of the country.

Macmillan's is particularly bright, and has suffused over it a fine spirit of culture and literary taste, which is too often wanting nowadays in our magazine literature. Mr. Birrell writes charmingly on the new "Chesterfield Letters," and Mr. Aubrey de Vere contributes two sonnets on Browning, which form a welcome contrast to most of the poetic effusions evoked by the death of the author of "Sordello." There are besides, in addition to a continuation of Mrs. Oliphant's tale, two short stories which are particularly pleasant. The growl of the dyspeptic author of the article on "Oxford, Democratic and Popular," is dealt with on another page of THE SPEAKER.

The *New Review* is in many respects admirable. We cannot say much, it is true, for Mr. George Wyndham's feeble and flutulent article on the Irish question; but in addition to Mr. Saintsbury's

"Thoughts on Republics," to which we have already referred, the *New Review* contains several notable contributions. Among these Mr. Hamilton Aidé's essay on "The Deterioration in English Society," and the very interesting sketch of Mr. Parnell, deserve a special word. Mr. Aidé is pained by the ostentatious extravagance and vulgarity of society nowadays, and raises his voice in loud protest against that worship of wealth which is all but universal in the West End of London. With every word that Mr. Aidé says upon the subject we agree, yet it is impossible to avoid the reflection that long before Mr. Aidé was born other writers were raising the same protest against the increasing extravagance and self-indulgence of the age. Wordsworth's sonnet says everything that can be said upon the well-worn topic; he too, like Mr. Aidé, as he advanced in life, saw that society was becoming more luxurious, more ostentatious, more vulgar, and sighed for a return to the good old days of "plain living and high thinking." It is just possible that both in Mr. Aidé's case and in Wordsworth's, part at least of the change which they deplore may be attributed to the fact that they themselves moved in later life in a somewhat different sphere from that with which they were acquainted in their youth. The anonymous writer who gives us a sketch of Mr. Parnell has written a paper which deserves to be cited, especially in view of the present circumstances. He does full justice to Mr. Parnell's loyalty to his followers, to the extraordinary self-restraint of the man, to his hatred of anything in the nature of hypocrisy, his absolute freedom from those petty vices of spitefulness and malignity which are too common in public life. The concluding article in the *New Review*, a *causerie* by Mr. L. F. Austin, is very brightly written, and shows both good literary judgment and remarkable quickness of perception.

The *Cornhill* gives us, as usual, in addition to a liberal instalment of Mr. Payn's novel, "The Burnt Million," a selection of bright little papers and short stories. "Joanna's Bracelet" is excellent; so also is the paper called "Afterthoughts;" whilst the essay on "Grangerising" not only calls attention to a mode of occupation not now so common as it was in the past generation, but gives a literary flavour to the *Cornhill*.

The best thing in *Longman's Magazine* is Miss Ingelow's continuation of the "History of an Infancy," a wonderfully vivid sketch of the early years of the distinguished poet herself. An article on "Hosts and Guests," treating of the etiquette of visiting in country houses, shows us how etiquette books might be written but are not. Mr. Andrew Lang is as discursive and delightful as usual "At the Sign of the Ship."

Murray's Magazine is rather heavy; it is true that Dr. Smiles gives us a pleasant *réchauffé* of the old stories regarding authors and publishers, brightened by some new anecdotes and experiences of his own, and that Count Gleichen contributes a remarkably amusing paper entitled "Twelve Hours in New York," from which we gather that the Count is no exception to the rest of mankind, but finds a flying visit to a great city which he has never seen before, and in which he knows not a human being, anything but an agreeable experience. Apart from these papers, however, the contents of *Murray* are solid rather than entertaining. We observe, by the way, that the editor, in his "Notes of the Month," is good enough to pass summary judgment upon THE SPEAKER on the strength of the fact that a corrected proof-slip containing a Greek quotation went astray on the eve of the publication of the first number of this journal. If this is really the measure of the editor's capacity as a critic, he would do well to give up literature and take to proof-reading as an occupation.

Harper's and the *Century* are, as usual, admirably illustrated, whilst there is at least one notable article in the latter—the account by an eye-witness of the pursuit and capture of Jefferson Davis. *Harper's* has, moreover, an article on the British Army, from the pen of Lord Wolseley; but, apart from this, it contains little to interest the English reader. *Lippincott's*, on the other hand, though it cannot boast of illustrations, is excellent from the literary point of view. It contains a complete novelette by Mr. Conan Doyle, entitled "The Sign of the Four," which is quite equal in mystery and fascination to any shilling shocker recently published; whilst there are, in addition, contributions by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. Francis Galton, and other well-known writers. Though the magazine bears an American name, it is essentially English in its literary style and character.

St. Nicholas is still, as of old, a perpetual joy for the children. Mark Twain is one of the contributors to the current number, and affords proof of the fact that he can still be genuinely humorous: whilst there is a well-illustrated account of the great storm of Samoa twelve months ago, from the pen of an eye-witness, which everybody, young and old, will enjoy reading.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

IT is nearly sixty years since the first of the "Railways of America" was constructed, and yet the engineer who drove the pioneer locomotive on the first journey ever made by rail in the United States, in 1831, still lives, a hale and hearty old man, near New York. The earlier locomotives of the New World were modelled after Stephenson's "Rocket;" they weighed between five and six tons, and people could scarcely believe the testimony of their own eyes when they saw them start off drawing a burden of forty tons. Now, the "Consolidation" locomotive weighs fifty tons, and is able to pull across the continent upwards of two thousand four hundred tons. It appears that there are at the present time one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railway in the United States; two millions of people find employment in constructing, equipping, and working the trains; whilst the bridges which occur on the different lines are so numerous that if they were placed end to end they would span the distance from New York to Liverpool. In this handsome and extremely well illustrated volume of four hundred and fifty pages—written for the most part by civil engineers and railway directors, and superintendents, post-office authorities, and responsible statisticians—almost every phase of railway enterprise and activity in America, or more strictly speaking, in the United States, is passed in rapid and clear review. The building of a railway out West is described, the everyday life of railroad men is discussed, the mysteries of railway management—or mismanagement as the case may be—are explained. The size and splendour of American locomotives and cars are duly extolled, and the almighty dollar naturally comes prominently to the front in the chapters entitled "How to Feed a Railway," and "The Railway in its Business Relations." It is somewhat amusing to find one of the writers of this book calmly asserting that the railways of America have already nearly "abolished" landlordism in Ireland, and that they are going to extend their operations in this direction not merely to England but to the whole of Europe. "So long as Europe is dependent for food upon its own fields, the owner of those fields could fix his own rental; with the wealth of the landlord his political power will pass away." The government of European countries, it is claimed, will pass into similar hands as those which govern America to-day—the territorial democracy, the owners of small farms, manufacturers and merchants; but how to deal with the land-grabbers and the railway rings is a problem which is not discussed. In point of style the book is very unequally written, and some of the chapters are rather superficial; but, on the whole, it gives an attractive picture of railway enterprise and achievement in every part of the United States.

Dr. Murray Moore, in a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, attempts to describe "New Zealand" in the interests of the emigrant, invalid, and tourist. Emigrants will find a good many useful hints scattered up and down these pages, and tourists might certainly do worse than dip into the book; but its chief value consists in the explicit directions which it gives to the invalid ordered South. We are half inclined to think, indeed, that the title is somewhat too ambitious, for there are plenty of books already in existence which describe the growth of the Colony, its productions and industries, public works and institutions, natural wonders and social life. Dr. Moore, however, has something distinctive and fresh to say, for he has spent nine years in professional work in Auckland, and has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the characteristics of New Zealand as a health-resort. He states that no inhabited country in the world possesses mineral waters of greater medicinal value than New Zealand, and he gives a detailed account of the therapeutic properties of its chief thermal springs. As no less than seventy-three of these springs have already been analysed, it certainly seems important that English medical men who often vaguely recommend their patients to try New Zealand should possess explicit information as to their properties such as is supplied for the first time in these chapters. English physicians have not yet given sufficient attention to the differences of climate between Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, or between the different districts in the last-named colony. In order to assist the "valetudinarian and his advisers," Dr. Moore describes the characteristics of the four climatic zones of New Zealand, and indicates the locality most suited to each class of patients.

The object of "A Century of American Literature" is to illustrate the intellectual growth of the nation from Benjamin Franklin to the "brilliant group of contemporary authors, of whom Mr. Lowell is the unquestioned leader." The book is intended as a companion to all existing histories of American literature, and the compiler has sought by these extracts to give a definite conception of each author's method and style. Mr. Huntington Smith, we are glad to find, has the grace to admit that "when tested by the world's standard of excellence," the great majority

of the authors America has thus far produced "fall somewhat below the level of immortal renown." He flatters his fellow-countrymen by describing them as the "heirs of all the ages with the spoils of civilisation at their feet," and he timidly advances the proposition that a little humility in the things of the mind may not be an unprofitable contrast with the national pride in material progress; but then "seven centuries passed over Rome before her genius ripened into eternal song," etc., etc. Truth compels us to say that at least fifty of the hundred American authors here quoted are not in the running for any sort of renown, immortal or otherwise, on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, we are inclined to think that this is a good illustration of the truth of the saying that the half is better than the whole. "Your American Eagle is very well," said Mr. Emerson on one occasion, "but beware of the American peacock." Unfortunately, the latter bird flaunts his gaudy feathers all too freely in a "Century of American Literature."

At the meetings of the British Medical Association in 1880 Dr. Humphry, who was president that year, drew the attention of the assembly to the advantages likely to accrue to science by the collective research of medical men. As a result of this suggestion, it was determined to consider the subject of longevity, and in due time nearly nine hundred professional returns on "Old Age" were received and tabulated. The remarkable facts and statistics thus brought to light were afterwards published in the *British Medical Journal*, and they now appear in this volume, with comments professional and popular, and a general review on the whole subject. Dr. Humphry has devoted special attention to the conditions favourable to the attainment of old age, and is a recognised authority on the peculiar maladies to which it is liable. He gives the results of information received from his colleagues concerning nearly nine hundred persons who attained the age of eighty years or upwards; in this venerable company particulars are given respecting no less than seventy-four centenarians. It has been calculated from the reports of the Registrar-General that there is about one centenarian to every one hundred and twenty-seven thousand of the population. More women than men attain to the age of a hundred. Evidently matrimony is no hindrance to longevity, since the majority of them were married, and quite a respectable proportion before they were twenty. The frontispiece of the volume is a photograph of Benjamin Atkins and his wife, each aged a hundred and one, and yet, as they sit together at their cottage door, neither of them looks more than four-score. The book is, of course, chiefly valuable to medical men, but other people will find not a little in its well-written pages that is interesting.

Canon Diggle's "Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser," although only published at the end of November, has already attained to the dignity of a fourth edition. The book is written from the standpoint of intimate acquaintance, and it throws much fresh light on the fifteen busy years of Dr. Fraser's memorable episcopate. "I desire," said he, in his first sermon in Manchester, "to be a Bishop in the old Pauline, and not in the Pontifical, sense—a true servant of the Son of God." How well he fulfilled this aspiration these pages artlessly reveal; indeed, no aspect of the Bishop's busy and beneficial life appears to have been overlooked by Canon Diggle. The chief fault of the book is its inordinate length, and this defect is brought into greater prominence by the author's avowed intention to supplement, and not to rival, the slight but admirable biography which Mr. Hughes wrote some three years ago—a volume, by the way, which in bulk was scarcely more than a third of the size of Canon Diggle's work. The additional space is filled for the most part with letters, reminiscences, and anecdotes which the scale of Mr. Hughes' book rendered it impossible to include; and a very attractive and impressive picture is accordingly given of Dr. Fraser both in his intercourse with the classes and the masses of Lancashire. Due stress is placed by Canon Diggle on the great part which the "Bishop of all Denominations" took in every movement which seemed likely in the least degree to better and brighten the lives of the people of the vast and toil-worn community in and around Manchester. These pages reveal Dr. Fraser as the least priestly Churchman of modern times, and yet as the one above all others who won without seeking and without timeserving the enthusiastic love and devotion of men of all temperaments and every shade of religious conviction. Perhaps the secret of such power is at least partially revealed when it is remembered that courage and simplicity, kindness and commonsense, blended with singular charm in the character and career of James Fraser.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION REPORT.

THE long-expected Report of the judges who for so many weary months conducted the investigation into the allegations contained in the *Times* articles on "Parnellism and Crime," was issued late on Thursday night. Yesterday it was discussed with eagerness wherever men met in public places, as well as in the columns of the Press, and its effect everywhere was extraordinary. In one word, the result of the Report is to clear the implicated Members of Parliament from all the more serious charges preferred against them by the *Times* and its allies. That they joined in forming the Land League, "a conspiracy by a system of coercion and intimidation to promote agrarian agitation," that they thus approved of boycotting, and that a portion of their funds were drawn from the bodies controlled in America by PATRICK FORD—these are practically the whole of the charges which are found proven against MR. PARNELL and his colleagues, and it is hardly necessary to say that with regard to all these charges the facts have never been disputed.

But when we enter upon those questions which formed the burden of the *Times*' allegations—the charge that MR. PARNELL and other Members of Parliament were knowingly associated with outrage-mongers, that their denunciation of outrages was hypocritical, that they secretly sympathised with the Invincibles, that they knew the money they received from America was procured through the criminal conspiracy called the Clan-na-Gael—on all these counts, the only serious ones in the indictment, the verdict is an absolute acquittal. The personal charges brought against MR. PARNELL by his maligners, by which it was sought to associate him with the Phoenix Park murders, are denounced by the judges as having no foundation whatever. In short, it is only upon those points on which the public was long ago agreed, and which have no direct connection with crime in any shape, that there is any finding against the Irish members. The whole of the allegations which were strung together for the first time in the venomous chapters upon "Parnellism and Crime" are shown by the judges to be of a piece with PIGOTT's forgeries. With regard to all of them MR. PARNELL meets with an absolute acquittal.

We prefer to leave to another occasion the fuller discussion of this momentous document. We leave it for the moment in the possession of the English people—a race whose love of fair-play is as proverbial as their love of freedom—and we confidently anticipate the results of that revulsion of public feeling which must follow the final exposure and refutation of the most hideous series of calumnies ever invented and launched for the purpose of bringing undeserved infamy and destruction upon the members of a political party. We do not the less confidently anticipate this result because of the laboured efforts which were made yesterday by many of the Ministerial newspapers to mislead the public as to the real effect of the finding of the Commission. Happily the Report of the judges is too precise and emphatic to make it possible for these attempts to succeed.

THE Parliamentary Session began on Tuesday amid circumstances of more than usual interest. The Queen's Speech differed somewhat from the ordinary run of such documents, and was of such a character as to wear, in the eyes of some, the air of an election manifesto. It undoubtedly contained many promises, intended to conciliate different classes and sections, of which there is not the smallest reason to anticipate the fulfilment within the limits of the present Session. As, however, Free Education, the trump card which the most ardent Conservatives proposed to play a few weeks ago, is not mentioned, it does not seem likely that Ministers have an early dissolution in view. It is more probable, as we point out elsewhere, that they mean to struggle through this Session, and to reserve free or "assisted" schooling for the moment, now swiftly approaching, when an appeal to the electorate will become a positive necessity.

THE chief surprise in the Speech was the announcement of a Local Government Bill for Ireland. It is difficult to imagine that Ministers seriously contemplate the passing of such a measure. Already, indeed, the mere hint of the scheme has aroused bitter hostility in Conservative quarters in Ireland; and as MR. BALFOUR cannot be ignorant of the fact that the adoption of any measure of the kind must add immensely to the difficulties of any Irish Government not in actual harmony with the opinions of the people, we can hardly believe that he is very anxious to produce his plan. That it has the smallest chance of becoming law this Session is not for a moment to be supposed.

AN awkward question confronted Ministers on the very first night of the Session, and prevented any progress being made with the debate on the Address. This was the raising of the publication of PIGOTT's forgeries in the *Times* as a question of privilege. Nobody, of course, could deny that the publication was as heinous a breach of the privileges of Parliament as any upon record. Moreover, the tradition of Parliament has—down to Tuesday last—always been to show the most jealous care for the personal honour of its members. No matter how obscure a man might be, so long as he sat in the House he was certain of receiving generous treatment from his colleagues when he appealed to them to maintain the ancient privileges enjoyed by every Member of Parliament. Ministers were therefore in no pleasant position on Tuesday when they had to choose between the abandonment of a Parliamentary tradition so well established and the condonation of a gross breach of privilege on the one hand, and on the other the adoption of a resolution which must have been almost as embarrassing to themselves as to their newspaper allies.

WHAT choice they made is well known. They met SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT's resolution by a series of quibbling pleas, of which even SIR JOHN GORST appeared to be ashamed, and they resolutely refused to make any amends to MR. PARNELL for the cruel wrong he had sustained—as much at the hands of Parliament as at those of the *Times*. At the last moment, it is true, MR. SMITH, stung to the quick by a

speech from MR. PARNELL of extraordinary though concentrated power, offered a full expression of regret for the injury which had been done to that innocent man, and agreed to insert the words "forged letters" into the Ministerial amendment. This was tardy justice, and of a very meagre sort. It utterly fails to remove the bad taste which must be left by Tuesday's vote in the mouth of every lover of fair-play.

Two things were very striking in Tuesday night's debate. The first was the immeasurable superiority of MR. GLADSTONE to every other debater. In ease, in force, in the apt fertility of argument—above all, in the wonderfully dramatic management of his voice—no one in the House comes near enough to him to be even put in comparison with him. All this has, of course, been noticed a thousand times before; but it comes upon the listener with fresh force when he remembers the age of the speaker, and how quickly, alas! the sands of Time are running. The House of Commons will be a totally different place when its only consummate artist has become a memory.

NOT less impressive in its way was the speech of MR. PARNELL. The Irish leader is now, beyond all question, the second man in Parliament, and his manner has risen to the height of the position which he now enjoys as the representative, not of a party merely, but of a nation, triumphant in virtue of his constancy, tenacity, and courage, more than through any oratorical or tactical qualities. Even now the chief merit of his speaking is its clear, stern, dry, terseness. No one produces so much effect with so few words and such a total absence of ornament. On Tuesday, of course, his speech had a power altogether apart from the words used—the power wielded by a deeply injured man, who stands in not ignoble triumph before his baffled persecutors.

ON Wednesday it was by MR. GLADSTONE again that the honours were reaped in the debate. Everybody was, indeed, delighted with the speech in which he criticised the Ministerial programme. MR. SMITH was profuse in his acknowledgments of the breadth of view, the absence of all pettiness and all carping, the entire freedom from anything like a merely partisan spirit, which distinguished the Liberal leader. And yet he hit hard, and more than one of his shafts found a joint in the harness of Ministers. But he did his work so deftly that it was only by-and-bye that the Ministerialists became conscious of the wounds inflicted upon them.

ON Thursday the general interest in Parliament was absorbed in the expected production of the report of the Parnell Commission, to the exclusion of all other topics. The debate on the Portuguese question was, however, vigorous and important. Its effect, upon the whole, was distinctly favourable to the Government.

THE result of the Partick election was a disappointment only to those Liberals who believe that at the next General Election every Tory and Unionist member is to be swept out of Scotland. A villa constituency in Glasgow is not unlike a villa constituency in England, and the forces of villa-dom are not, unfortunately, on the side of progress at this moment. SIR CHARLES TENNANT'S gallant fight was recognised from the first by all who knew as being in the nature of a forlorn hope. It was, besides, unfortunate that questions which had nothing to do with the merits of the two candidates or their respective policies, but which rather concerned the management of a well-known London Radical evening paper, were imported into the fight. However, in spite of everything, SIR CHARLES did admirably,

and it is somewhat amusing to see how loudly the Ministerial journals are rejoicing over the diminution of their majority from 801 in 1886, to 219 in 1890.

AFTER speaking at Leeds and Manchester, and being received in both those towns with an enthusiasm remarkable even in the North of England, where, when the masses are strongly moved, they vie with the people of Southern Europe in the exuberance with which they give vent to their feelings, MR. O'BRIEN has addressed a great meeting in London. Here also he has had the reception due to a hero, and it has been made clear that, even in London, the popular sympathies, at all events, are on the side of MR. BALFOUR'S prisoner rather than MR. BALFOUR. Pity it is that the reception accorded to these words of goodwill towards the English people, the absolute sincerity of which will be doubted by no one who knows anything of MR. O'BRIEN, on the part of the Ministerial newspapers, should consist chiefly of unmannerly jibes and cowardly insinuations that the speaker does not really mean what he says.

SIR HENRY JAMES'S address to the Unionists of Bury last Saturday is remarkable—first, for his full acceptance of Free Education and—in principle—of taxation of the unearned increment of ground values; secondly, for his attack on severity in punishment, even when the crime is one of special brutality; thirdly, for his explicit admission that his claim to re-election for his present constituency will be based on personal rather than on political grounds—a satisfactory indication of the growth of Liberal feeling in Lancashire.

"TAKE the case," said SIR HENRY JAMES, "of a man sentenced to be flogged" (for beating his wife). "What hope is there for his wife and family when he remembers every night and every morning the terrible punishment to which he has been subjected?" When will SIR HENRY JAMES apply these principles of punishment to the treatment of Irish political offenders? What hope is there for the cause of peace and order in Ireland when the offender remembers every night and morning the plank-bed, the insanitary state of his cell, the unseemly and futile struggles with prison warders, the petty insults from governors, the jeers of the Irish Secretary, the noisome insects that have attacked one political prisoner, the deaths of others—and remembers, too, that the sentences are the work of the most incompetent and the least independent courts in Europe?

MISS COBDEN and MISS CONS have done a sensible thing. They have waited for the twelve months to elapse during which penalties might be claimed against them for sitting and voting in contravention of the decision of the Court of Appeal against LADY SANDHURST, and now intend to sit and vote in the County Council. Their position, as LORD ROSEBERY remarked, is anomalous and obscure; but it would be easily cleared up by a short Act of Parliament. Here is an excellent opportunity for LORD SALISBURY.

THE representative deputation from the sugar industry which visited the Foreign Office last Friday did not get much satisfaction from SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, and LORD SALISBURY'S speech on the Address indicates that the ratification of the Sugar Bounties Convention is more doubtful than it was—owing to the disinclination of France, Brazil, and the United States to enter into the arrangement. Foreign Protectionist Governments have for once aided English industry. The English confectionery and biscuits that are gradually securing the markets of the world are far more important to us now than refining ever was; and the prospect of the ratification of

the Convention, by the speculation it would cause, if by nothing else, would seriously endanger the supply of their raw material.

THE immigration of Germans and Austrians into Russia, to which we referred last week, is regarded by a Russian paper—the *Svet*—as part of an elaborate scheme for the Teutonisation of the world, with the provisional and unconscious assistance of Austria. The design, according to this authority, is to cut off the Slavonic population from the eastern frontier, the coast-line, the mouths of the rivers, and, in short, from all direct contact with the outer world, and to force it back on the Ourals and the steppe. The article also comments on the influence Germany is exercising in the Balkan peninsula—again with the aid of Austria—in Turkey, through the frequent appointment of Germans to important official positions, and in Asia Minor, through the Lutheran colonisation (!) and the construction with German capital of railways conceived in a spirit of hostility to Russian interests; and warns Austria that she will soon find herself reduced to the position of a mere vassal. It is pleasant to find that there are Slavonic patriots who recognise the value of Western civilisation, and it is curious that there should still be people who attribute to any Government that profundity and foresight which the late MR. URQUHART and his disciples used to ascribe to the Government of Russia. Hitherto, however, German immigrants—even to some extent in Russia—have tended to absorption in the dominant race in a way hardly paralleled except by Celtic peoples. And the Panslavist writers may take comfort from the fact that the Germans who migrate into Russia must many of them have a very large proportion of Slav blood.

THE area of the Stars and Stripes will soon require some further rearrangement of the space devoted to the Stars. Four new States were admitted last year, and now a Bill has been reported by the Senate Committee on Territories for admitting a fifth—Idaho—making the forty-third in all. Probably Utah will soon follow, now that the Mormon power is declining; and at no distant date (unless political reasons hinder the admission of the remaining Territories) the only one left will be Alaska. Of course these new admissions considerably strengthen the position of the Republicans in Congress, and still more in the next Presidential election.

THE weekly prize for intellectual beauty among magistrates goes this week to Wolverhampton. It appears that someone in the neighbouring village of Codsall owned a wall—a “vile wall,” as Shakespeare says—with a trick of tumbling down at nights. This, being no part of a wall’s attributes, awoke suspicion in its owner, who set two constables as spies; and they, being posted at dead of night in a high hedge, saw a man come and push down a quantity of coping; whereupon they leaped forth and laid strong hands on one “who was looked upon as a model young man, the most innocent young man in the village.” So he went before the Wolverhampton magistrates, and they, knowing him to be a proper youth, said, “The sophists were right: truth is unstable, nor is anything what it seems. The case is proven, but the defendant is discharged. Who in this astonishing scheme of things can say but that he *did it in a fit of absence of mind*? These things do occur.” There was a man once who married two wives, and pleaded the same excuse; but he did not prevail.

OUR fathers—say between 1840 and 1850—had plenty of sympathy to spare for Italians, Poles, Hungarians, and other peoples struggling to be free. This feeling has been rather checked among ourselves, partly by the urgency of questions nearer home, partly by the unfortunate implication of the maintenance of the Turkish Empire with supposed

British interests in the East. It is to be hoped it may be revived by the project of a Vigilance Committee for Russian internal administration, expounded by DR. SPENCE WATSON in Tuesday’s *Pall Mall Gazette*. No doubt the time is favourable, not only from the publication of MR. GEORGE KENNAN’S most striking and painful articles in the *Century*, but from the frequent reports of the outrages committed by Russian officials in Siberia, and the destruction of the local liberties of the Baltic Provinces and Finland.

THE committee is to be composed of members of all the English parties, and is to disseminate information on Russian internal administration, the treatment of the exiles, and the action of the Russian authorities in suppressing every demonstration of discontent. The paper it is proposed to publish will in fact be the organ of the Russian Liberals. We should like to suggest that its circulation, and, what is more, its sale, should be pushed more vigorously than is the case with the periodicals which aim at enlightening the English public on Irish administration—the Eighty Club Circular and the Journal of the Home Rule Union. Meanwhile, those Liberals who fear that attention may be diverted from home affairs may remember that—as is well known in the religious world—home missions generally prosper best when foreign missions are receiving most attention.

THE Bank of England very properly maintains its rate of discount at 6 per cent., and at last seems by its perseverance to be likely to succeed in attracting gold so as to replenish its reserve. During the week ended Wednesday night, it received from abroad £420,000, and more is on the way. It still remains doubtful, however, whether large amounts can be obtained from the Bank of France and from New York, where alone the necessary sums can be parted with. In the Outside Market, although the Stock Exchange settlement was going on from Tuesday morning till Thursday evening, the rates of interest and discount were rather lower than last week. Bankers and billbrokers hope that the Bank of England will soon have to lower its rate, partly because gold is at last coming in considerable amounts, partly because notes and coin are returning largely from circulation; and, lastly, because the Bank has just been authorised to issue against Consols a quarter of a million of notes. The reserve is thus growing very rapidly, and the Outside Market trusts that it will before long be compelled to put down its rate of discount.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange remains very slack, the chief movement of any importance during the week having been a fall of about 12 in Allsopp’s stock on the announcement of a dividend of only 3½ per cent., comparing with 5 per cent. at this time last year. Copper shares, mining shares, and nitrate shares, have also been depressed; but in other departments there is a more cheerful feeling than for many weeks past. The Fortnightly Settlement showed that the heavy carrying-over rates charged of late had compelled immense numbers of speculators to close their accounts. Further, the Stock Exchange, like the Discount Market, hopes that money is at last likely to become easy, and it expects, too, that when the great French funding loan is brought out, there will be a recovery of business in Paris which will extend to other Markets. In trade the volume of business is satisfactorily large, as is proved by the railway traffic returns, but speculative trade has in great measure been stopped. Copper, tin, iron, have all fallen, and the produce markets are likewise weak. Among the new undertakings whose prospectuses have been issued during the week is that of the Anglo-Austrian Printing and Publishing Union, Limited, with a share and debenture capital of £750,000.

A PRIVILEGED FORGERY.

NEVER in the long course of its history has the British House of Commons occupied a position so pitiable as that in which it placed itself on the first night of the present session. For the first time of which its records tell us, it showed itself indifferent to an attack upon the personal honour of one of its own members, and deliberately by its vote threw the shield of its protection over men who have been found guilty of an outrage against not merely the privileges, but the character and independence of Parliament. Let there be no mistake as to the question raised by Sir William Harcourt's motion on the subject of the *Times'* forgeries. By the decision of an English court of justice, by the confessions not only of Pigott the forger, but of those who gave publicity to his infamous fabrications, it has been made absolutely certain that Mr. Parnell has been made the victim of the most scandalous conspiracy of our time—a conspiracy which had a two-fold object in view, the ruining of the member for Cork, and the coercing of the House of Commons to vote in a particular way on a Bill which was then before it. Starting from this established fact, Sir William Harcourt asked the House of Commons to declare that the men concerned in the attack upon Mr. Parnell had been guilty of a breach of the privileges of Parliament; and the House, by a majority of forty-eight, deliberately refused to make this declaration. In other words, it decided that it would do nothing to protect or to avenge the most deeply injured of its members, but that it would publicly condone the grossest outrage upon its privileges which this generation has witnessed.

What were the grounds upon which this decision, so degrading to the character, so fatally injurious to the moral influence of the present House of Commons, was arrived at? The pretexts alleged by Sir John Gorst and the Solicitor-General, in their wearisomely trivial and inept speeches, related almost exclusively to the length of time which had elapsed since the forgeries were first published. Nobody even on their own side was misled by this pettifogging plea. Nearly three years ago the same Mr. Smith, who smiled blandly upon Sir John Gorst on Tuesday whilst he was setting up this defence, positively refused to allow the *Times'* charges to be treated as a breach of privilege, and refused also to allow a Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into their origin, upon the ground that the ordinary courts of law were open to Mr. Parnell, and that his first duty was to establish his innocence there, before coming to Parliament for redress. At that time, indeed, the men who were eager to give currency to the slanders on Mr. Parnell constantly made allusion to the fact that if the publishers of the forged letters were brought to the bar they could only be brought for punishment, not for the purpose of any inquiry being made into the truth of their allegations. It fell out accordingly that Mr. Parnell was driven back upon the extraordinary device of the Royal Commission, and the subsequent action for libel against the *Times*. On the first day on which Parliament sat, after he had obtained the verdict which established his innocence, a motion was made on his behalf declaring that he had been the victim of a breach of privilege, and it was met, as we have seen, by this flagrantly hypocritical pretext that it came too late! One other argument was brought forward against Sir William Harcourt's motion, and its author was Mr. Balfour. Sir William Harcourt had drawn attention to the acknowledgment by the late manager of the *Times* when in the witness-box, that he had published the first forged letter on the eve of the Second Reading of the Coercion Bill for the purpose of influencing the division—an object which was unquestionably effected. It thus became apparent that a criminal forgery had been deliberately used to mislead Parliament on a grave and critical question. Here surely was a breach of the privileges, not of a single member,

but of the House as a whole. Mr. Balfour thought it sufficient to meet this part of the case by the statement that the leading articles in newspapers were also meant to influence Parliament. In other words, he professed to be unable to detect the difference between fair argument and deliberate and criminal forgery! It is well for himself that nobody believes his private code of morals to be identical with that which he vaunts in the House of Commons, when he is called upon to do justice to a race for which he feels nothing but hatred and contempt.

It was not in the speeches—half-hearted enough in all conscience—which were made from the Treasury Bench in opposition to Sir William Harcourt's motion, that the truth as to the attitude of the majority was to be gathered. That truth was put in plain language by Mr. Labouchere. Ministers could not treat the proprietor of the *Times* as a criminal, because they were conscious of the fact that they were themselves his allies and confederates. If anybody was to be brought to the bar to answer for the cruel wrong done to Mr. Parnell, other persons besides Mr. Walter must have been dragged there. Mr. Gladstone put his finger on the real centre of the offending which has involved the *Times* and the Ministry in all this shame and humiliation, when he pointed to the initial error of the majority of the House after the publication of Pigott's forgery. That was the refusal to accept Mr. Parnell's word when he denied the authorship of the letter. Never before has the House of Commons behaved in so ungenerous, so indecent a fashion towards one of its own members. If we wish to have a correct picture of the extent to which the present Parliamentary majority has been besotted by party passion of the basest kind, we get it when we see even Ministers on the Treasury Bench refusing to accept the word of honour of one of their fellow-members, and preferring to it the inventions of an anonymous forger and conspirator. We say that no such thing ever happened in Parliament before, and its occurrence three years ago afforded painful proof of the deterioration and degradation of our political morality under the rule of the present Government. Unfortunately we have now, in the refusal of the majority to make any amends to the man whom they have treated with such malignant unfairness, proof that the House of Commons has reached a still lower depth than that to which it descended in 1887.

In strange contrast to the ignominious figure cut by his enemies and traducers stands out Mr. Parnell himself. From first to last, in the whole of this shameful business, his attitude has been irreproachable, has even been—we use the word knowing well the sneers to which it will give rise among our opponents—heroic. The representative of a weak and unpopular party in the House of Commons, standing alone for years, with all the great forces of English social life arrayed against him, bitterly hated by the overwhelming majority of Englishmen, proscribed and imprisoned under laws specially directed against himself and his followers, he pursued his way with unflinching courage until he had the supreme satisfaction of witnessing the conversion of a great political party, led by the foremost statesman of our time, to the cause which had so long been dependent upon his voice alone. And then, when at last the terrible isolation of his earlier struggles was at an end, and he had found powerful allies and friends even in England, he was struck down by the foulest and the cruellest blow which the hate of a baffled and unscrupulous partisan ever devised. He found himself the subject of a personal accusation so terrible that if true it meant his utter destruction. He protested against the infamous charge; and his protests were received with derisive jeers by the majority of the House of Commons. He demanded trial by his peers in Parliament, and Ministers rudely rejected his appeal, and bade him get justice if he could from the courts of law. Finally, after a struggle, the costliness and the difficulties of which it is impossible to exaggerate, he stands once more before the House

which cheered his traducers and re-echoed their calumnies, with his character absolutely vindicated, his assailants absolutely confounded. Once more he asks, not for any generous concession, but for that justice which Englishmen boast that they never deny even to the weakest and the vilest of mankind; and he obtains—what? A refusal on the part of the House of Commons, by a majority of forty-eight, to make the smallest atonement to him for the wrong which he has suffered at its hands. "I should be sorry to treat my most powerful opponent with the depth of incredible meanness and cowardice with which I have been treated," said Mr. Parnell on Tuesday, in a speech which must have pricked the consciences even of Mr. Balfour and Sir Richard Webster. "*I am sorry for you.*" The time is not far distant when the men who have played so unworthy a part in this persecution of the Irish leader will, with good reason, share the sentiment to which he gave such dignified expression in this speech.

THE PROMISES OF THE SESSION.

THE Royal Speech on the opening of the Session is a concise and well-constructed document, and no particular fault is to be found either with its form or its tenour. We do not, indeed, see so much as might have been expected of the swarming flight of Bills in red boxes from minister to minister which made so glorious a feature in one of Mr. Goschen's speeches a few weeks ago. But we do not complain. It is unreasonable to expect in what is no more than a paper of agenda for a single session a programme of policy long enough for a whole Parliament. We have quite sufficient programmes out of doors. At Manchester a list of projects as long as one's arm represented the aspirations of the active body of Liberals, and there are some clever simpletons who grumble because further additions are not incessantly being made to a scheme which, as it stands, has at least a dozen years of work in it. Whether Liberals or Tories be in power, the Royal Speech ought to be a piece of business and not a catalogue of pious opinions. Parliament would be happier, and its work would be far better done, if it were truly informed at the opening of the session what the limits of the half-year's task really were. Was it Goethe who advised a young man to make a practice every morning of jotting down on a slate the work that he expected to get through before night? It would give precision of aim and object, and impart regularity as well as satisfaction of mind. The great reason of what is unsatisfactory in parliamentary life, apart from bad air, bores, and uncertain hours, is the absence of more or less fixed measures to the business. If men were not asked to do too much, and if they knew how much they were really expected to do, they would take a hundred times more interest and be a hundred times more efficient. The important truth which all ministers are, for electioneering reasons, tempted to ignore in framing their list of measures, is that parliamentary time, under present conditions of too long speeches and too many of them, is too short for more than a very modest amount of legislative achievement in a year. Most of the time goes, and not improperly goes, to the supervision of administration, and especially of expenditure. Legislation is not, and ought not to be, the daily bread of the legislators.

Though the measures announced cover no immoderate amount of ground, they constitute quite as much as can possibly be accomplished before the end of August. They point to an Irish session, and Irish sessions are never blessed by expedition in the despatch of business. The Government now promise to come to their remedial policy for Ireland in good earnest. A new move for larger operations in the way of land purchase, "under due financial precaution," is, in itself, a considerable demand on the time of the House of Commons; and when to this is superadded a proposal for

building up in Ireland a system of local government on the lines already adopted in Great Britain, "so far as they are applicable to that country," we may be sure that we shall once more be embarked on the fatal flood. The very limitation in the application of British principles to the case of Ireland is sure to be provocative of infinite discussion, and very naturally so. The irony, from a constitutional point of view, of constructing the local institutions, and reconstructing the land system of a country, in defiance and without the willing aid and assent of the great body of its representatives, will make the hollowness of the present legislative union pretty prominent, and it will not make the work shorter or easier.

Although, however, it is true that the Government have marked out for Parliament quite as much work as it is likely to get through, and more, that is not to say that all the work is rightly chosen. It is certainly a mistake in choice that the completion of local government in England by the creation of district councils, which were promised last year, has been postponed for the present in favour of a measure for dealing with the old savings banks. The latter may seem a comparatively simple process, but if it consists, as it probably will, in some re-imposition upon trustees of savings banks of liabilities from which they perhaps ought never to have been released, it will prove a very thorny piece of business, and will take quite as much time as district councils or the more important question of free schools. The latter, however, has been dropped, not for lack of time, but because the proposal excites claims in certain quarters—the rural parsonages, to wit—which the Government reckon that it will take a twelvemonth to appease. The abandonment of free schools for the present session, if not for longer, on the whole points against the motion of a dissolution during the present year. The remission of the school-pence means in the cottage of a labourer, with an ordinary family of children, and making ordinary earnings, a virtual enhancement of his weekly wages by from five to ten per cent. The very obvious advantage in county elections, when the time comes, of having been the party to concede so substantial a boon to the great mass of rural voters, is not at all likely to have been overlooked by the Tory managers. It looks, therefore, as if the calculations were something of this kind: that by the autumn of 1891 the nauseous taste of the dose of land purchase of 1890 would have gone out of the electors' mouths; free schools, in some shape not absolutely odious to the clergy, would be a savoury morsel to the labourer, while it might even bring some of the Irish voters in England to vote as Catholics rather than as Irishmen; and finally, the constituencies might be asked in a modest way at least to give a trial to the plan of County Councils in Ireland before embarking on the bolder experiment of an Irish Legislature. That is the sort of prospect to which, so far as we can discern, the limited promises of the Session appear to point.

Not the least interesting portion of the debates on the Address, so far as they have yet proceeded, was the little interchange of shots between Earl Granville and the Prime Minister upon the size of Cabinets. The Liberal leader in the House of Lords hinted that the present Cabinet is too large, and Mr. Disraeli would have agreed with him. The late Lord Derby once told Lord Granville that his Cabinet must be larger, because there were thirty-six gentlemen with absolutely indefeasible claims to that rank. Whatever the necessity may be, it is certain that this extraordinary enlargement of the Cabinet must alter its character as a committee actively and really taking a collective part in guiding and settling public business. It must lead to cabinets within the Cabinet. It has done so before now, and unless rumour is curiously wrong, it has that effect in a marked manner at the present moment. We do not know that so far this modification has done much harm. It is satisfactory to learn from the Prime Minister that his present colleagues do not make speeches in their deliberations. But unless the stories of those who know are

untrue, Lord Salisbury is utterly wrong in his satire upon the eloquence which he assumed the most eloquent of living men or ministers has been in the habit of pouring out upon his colleagues in council. Mr. Gladstone is not only a great orator, but a great man of business, and we have always understood that nobody living is less of a speechmaker in a cabinet. It is true that in one sense everything is too big in these days. The Cabinet is too big. The House of Commons is far too big. We are working for a population of some forty millions, with an executive and legislative machinery that was designed for a population of one-fourth of that figure; and the modern population, moreover, as it has increased in numbers, so it has become both more conscious of its own requirements, and more loudly articulate in giving them voice. The present Session will be unlike any Session for at least ten years past, if it does not bring new illustration and confirmation of the extent to which the work to be done has outstripped the resources of the machinery for doing it.

THE PRIVATE MEMBER AND HIS CILLS.

A BRIEFLESS barrister once exhaustively divided human occupations into business, pleasure, and going on Circuit. It would be interesting to know under which of the two former heads the private member would class his attempts to legislate. Technically, or theoretically, or abstractedly, or whatever the proper phrase may be, every member of the House of Commons has an equal right to encumber the Statute Book with an embodiment of his own ideas. Practically, unless he be also a member of the Government, his prospect of carrying a Bill would be extravagantly overestimated at one in a hundred. In former times the private member had a chance. There was more mutual tolerance among legislators when the country was younger. Ecclesiastical lawyers have realised fortunes out of a chaotic maze, known as Lord Blandford's Act, and vaguely understood, when the late Duke of Marlborough introduced it, to be in some way connected with the pious practice of building churches. But "blocking" was not then invented, either for hats or Bills. Nowadays Mr. Bradlaugh stands almost alone as a successful amateur lawgiver, and even he has been accused of breaking the original tables, surrendering the substance for the shadow. Nevertheless, the private member whose dislike of privacy is almost morbid, has not allowed himself to be discouraged, and this year he is responsible in his collective capacity for more than two hundred schemes of reform. "Think of two hundred gentlemen at least, and each one mounted on his capering beast." This procession of hobby-horses and their riders might melt a heart of stone, and must earn the gratitude of the paper-makers—for they are printed, these ambitious essays in law-giving. They are published at a cheap rate by the Queen's printers. There is a great reduction, at all events in the hilarity of the purchaser, on taking a quantity. They are aimed at everything, even at making a woman a man, which Lord Palmerston, with his varied experience of both sexes, declared was the one thing Parliament could not do. Some old familiar faces have disappeared. Gone is the late Mr. Delahunty's plan for restoring the prosperity of Ireland by delivering her from the thralldom of one-pound notes, which it is now said that Mr. Goschen intends to inflict upon England. Gone, too, is the late Mr. O'Sullivan's measure for redeeming spirits in bond, which was thought by some constitutional authorities to trench upon the province of theology. We shall not again see the Bill for subsidising organ-grinders, or a Bill for making the pursuance of their calling a capital crime. Nor perhaps is it likely that that notable clause will be revived which made prisoners competent to give evidence, "provided always that their omission to do so shall not prejudice them with the jury." The touch-

ing belief in the omnipotence of human law thus ingenuously manifested has yielded to the solvent influence of a sceptical age, so that Parliament is not invited to go beyond fixing the hours of a man's work, maintaining his present rate of wages, providing meals for his children, and furnishing him with a comfortable home. "Provided always that no ratepayer or taxpayer shall grumble at the additional expenditure levied upon him in consequence of any such object or objects" has been unaccountably omitted from the draft, but the words can be inserted in committee. "Chatter about Harriet" has not yet been made a penal offence. Nor has any jaded reader of the public Press suggested a fine for double and a term of imprisonment for treble genitives. After Mr. Balfour's rectorial address in Scotland, some one very wittily described him as a Coercionist in politics and an Anarchist in literature. It is true that in an age of coercion and repression literary sins are seldom punished as they deserve.

We are not a practical people. Romantic we may be, chivalrous, humorous, adventurous, fanciful; but not practical, not businesslike, not followers of that humble deity common sense. When the House of Commons entered upon public business, on Tuesday, Sir William Harcourt was ready to introduce a question of great Parliamentary importance. But before he could begin an hour and a quarter were consumed in "notices of motion." The clerk recited a number; the Speaker called a name. The member owning the name—or a friend of his—rose and announced that "on to-morrow," as our Irish brethren say, he would move for leave to bring in a Bill, or that "on an early day" he would make a motion for purposes which, he proceeded, more or less articulately, to describe. On Wednesday two hours were occupied at the close of the debate on the Address with the still more tedious process of bringing the Bills in and reading them a first time. In any other country, from China to Peru, the notices would be deposited in a bag, and the bag handed to the reporters. Even from the House of Lords something may be learned, for there the farcical ceremony of "asking for leave" to perform legislative functions does not prevail. The state to which this process reduces the House may be illustrated by the fact that members on Tuesday roared with laughter because "No. 1" was drawn late in the ballot, and roared again when the first house in the street turned out to be inhabited by Mr. Jacoby. The idea of a Bill for the preservation of hares also gave rise to much jocularly, and some representatives of the nation were not ashamed to be seen ostentatiously feeling the tops of their heads. If this joke had not been consecrated by Charles Lamb, who asked the poacher whether what he was carrying was his own hare or a wig, it might be quoted as proving the depths of imbecility to which the observance of idle forms may reduce a fairly intelligent body of men. When Mr. O'Hanlon rose in his rustic majesty to announce his desire for the improvement of university education, there was some excuse for laughter. It was much as though Mr. John Morley had undertaken, with disinterested zeal, to cleanse the Jockey Club from the perilous stuff which now weighs upon its reputation. A justifiable smile might have been heard, to use the historic phrase of Lord Cross, when the Clerk passed immediately from the name of Dr. Tanner, apparently assuming, at first on general principles, that the good physician must be in gaol. When Mr. Gedge wishes to "amend the law relating to deacons in the Church of England," it is perhaps allowable to conjecture that he wants fixity for his occasional tenure of the pulpit, and resents being confined to reading the lessons, like Mr. Gladstone, or a Christian, or an ordinary man. It would be wrong not to acknowledge Mr. Quilter's zeal for the purity of beer which moves him regularly once a twelve-month. Hasty consumers may be satisfied with beer as it is; but if Mr. Quilter could show them beer as it ought to be, they would be quite prepared to drink it even with him at

any time or in any place he might select. Does it move a smile or a sigh to find that Mr. Osborne Morgan cannot yet, as Mr. Disraeli would say, contemplate his burial with satisfaction? At St. Stephen's it provoked a grin. But the other G.O.M. may console himself with the reflection that people who laugh at a mouse on the floor will laugh at anything. It was, however, unkind of the mouse at once to interrupt the thread of Sir John Gorst's argument and to symbolise the result of his intellectual parturition.

BIMETALLISM AND THE PRODUCTION OF THE METALS.

BIMETALLISM has been recently active and aggressive in the columns of the *Times*. The apostle of the dogma—Cernuschi—puts its claims in a few words when he says, "It is thus an undeniable fact that the law creates the *power* of money." He thus treats legal money as a force, while the opponents, represented by Giffen, view gold and silver as ordinary commodities subject to the laws of markets. The bimetalists rightly claim that for nearly two hundred years, and certainly for the first seventy of this century, gold was worth £3 17s. 10½d. the ounce, while silver had an average of 60½d. per ounce—that is to say, they had the ratio of 1 to 15½. The variations in the price of gold and silver during this period were small, so that the ratio could be kept tolerably constant by the manipulations of the mints. Thus between 1821 and 1850 it required 15.79 ounces of silver instead of 15½ ounces to buy one ounce of gold, silver being 1.87 per cent. cheaper than gold. The mints met this variation from the average ratio by coining 87½ per cent. of silver coin and only 12½ per cent. of gold coin. In the next twenty years, from 1851 to 1870, the Californian gold discoveries were made, so that the ratio of gold and silver became as 1 to 15.41, or gold was about ½ per cent. below its legal value, and the French mint now reversed its coinage by making 90 per cent. of gold coin and only 10 per cent. of silver coin. In fact, the Gresham law, under which the cheaper metal drives out the dearer metal, prevailed, although the variations were so slight that by manipulations of this kind the legal ratio of 1 to 15½ remained practically steady. Cernuschi and his followers contend that, during this period of seventy years, law and not markets regulated the price of the two metals. In fact, the contention is that there was no market until 1870.

At this period, and ever since, something happened which converted gold and silver into ordinary commodities, instead of retaining them as "power." According to the bimetalists, this resulted from loosening the force of law which forced currency on the old ratio of 1 to 15½; while it has now become, upon an average of recent years, as 1 to 20, meaning that 20 ounces of silver are required to buy 1 ounce of gold. Restore the old force of law, contend the bimetalists, and the price of silver will again rise to 60½d. per ounce, or in round figures you will get 5s. instead of 3s. 4d.

The advocates of a gold standard contend that it was the largely increased production of the metals which broke down the old ratio between gold and silver. Up to 1873, the ratio of the production of the metals often showed great variations, while the ratio of value remained tolerably constant. The total production of both metals has enormously increased during recent years. The mean annual

production of gold in the twenty-five years ending 1875 was eight times greater than that of the first half of this century, but the product of silver only about doubled. In the next ten years, ending 1885, the gold product actually decreased 13 per cent., while that of silver increased by no less than 110 per cent. France and the shortlived Latin Union, which were chiefly interested in keeping up the old ratio of gold and silver at 1 to 15½, found themselves exposed to the danger that the gold standard was shrinking in production, while the other standard was enormously expanding. In a minor degree they had experienced these changes in products before, but now new conditions had intervened. Up to 1850—indeed, to 1873—the product of gold and silver for the whole world was little more than the coinage of nations required. The mints needed the overwhelming part of the product, and could regulate the price without much consideration for the small industrial market, which had to follow the price of the mints. It is true that gold had increased greatly between 1851 and 1860, but 81 per cent. of it was absorbed in new gold coins, which the world required from its rapidly increasing commerce; but though the gold product was rapidly decreasing between 1881 and 1885, only 23 per cent. of it was added to the coinage. The fact is that the industrial demand for gold is now greater than that of the mints, which could no longer regulate the price, because, when trade relations determine the relative values of metals, there is a strong tendency for prices to adjust themselves in the inverse ratio of the products. Gold maintains its price, when in full demand, because the price is expressed in terms of gold. If the price of gold were expressed in terms of silver, when that was superabundant, no one would sell one ounce of it to the mints for 15½ ounces, when the outside market was willing to give him 20 or 21 ounces. The industrial demand for gold seems to be increasing, and is now estimated, with more or less approximation to accuracy, at 56 per cent. of the annual gold product; while the industrial demand for silver seems to be decreasing, and is estimated at only 17 per cent. of the silver product. We who believe that gold and silver possess within themselves no inherent "power or force," even when backed by law, but that they are mere commodities, draw the conclusion that mints can only rule the markets when the demand for coinage is the dominating demand. That is only compatible with a moderate production of the precious metals, and with a small outside market. No nations will continue for a long period to coin more money than trade can absorb, and any surplus thrown on the markets will determine the price, because both producers and holders will rather submit to a discount than store bullion indefinitely.

The bimetalists point to the fact that American gold and silver dollars (although the latter are worth only 75 cents) circulate at par in the ratio of 1 to 16. This is true up to the present time, because hitherto the United States Government receives from its debtors any of the money which it issues, and it pays its creditors at their option either in gold or silver coin. In spite of this, the market price of silver has gone down, and Mr. Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury, proposes a new scheme for issuing silver certificates, redeemable at the market price of silver, and not at the fixed ratio. This is an acknowledgment of failure. The bimetalists would say they foresaw this, because there must be a combination of all nations to keep up the fixed ratio. This is giving up bimetalism as a principle, and converting it into a commercial trust syndicate, which, like all trusts, would succeed for a time and then dismally fail. They wish England, the great creditor nation, to confer with the debtor nations, to see whether they would kindly pay English debts contracted in gold with depreciated silver. We have lately had an example of a similar conference in regard to sugar. England, a consuming nation, entered into conference with the producing nations, and the latter had all their own way. On the vastly more important question of money standards, England should preserve a position of perfect independence.

MR. SMITH'S SUCCESSOR.

III.—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, if he were at all of a spiteful disposition, might in his uneasy retirement contemplate with satisfaction the difficulties in which his Party are landed as a direct consequence of their dealing with him. Three years ago the Conservative Party seemed set on their feet in the important matter of a leader of the House of Commons. Lord Randolph's brief tenure of office more than fulfilled the highest expectations formed in advance. That he would be clever and capable no one doubted. What was feared was that a certain buccaneering manner, well enough when he was an irresponsible rebel below the gangway, would break forth and spoil everything. But the new leader, without sinking into suavity, was uniformly courteous, never once lost his temper (true he was leader for only a period of three months), and whilst he commanded discipline on his own side maintained good feeling on the other. It was an abnormal interval during which he filled the place of leader. The Government had no important measures to bring in, and the chief business of the leader was to wind up the business as early and as easily as possible, clearing the way for a new session. This Lord Randolph succeeded in doing, and when the prorogation took place no one—not even Lord Randolph himself—imagined that when the new session opened the Treasury bench would know his face no more.

The circumstances attending his abrupt withdrawal from Lord Salisbury's Ministry, taken in conjunction with the knowledge of his character which the House had possessed for a dozen years, brought the public to the conclusion—towards which they were sedulously led by Ministers and their friends—that Lord Randolph, in bringing about the cataclysm, had been influenced by no higher motive than a fit of spleen. One of the finest things in Lord Randolph Churchill's public career since he left the Ministry has been his reticence on this point. His colleagues and a circle of intimate friends know that, whether rightly or wrongly guided, the young Minister was actuated in the step he took by deep conviction and an almost chivalrous sense of public duty. Doubtless the whole story will be told some day, when the successor to Mr. Charles Greville publishes his Journal. In the meantime, and as a consequence of his abrupt and unexpected resignation, Lord Randolph Churchill has up till now chiefly suffered, the Ministry, thanks to Mr. Smith's success, having done moderately well.

The chiefest loss sustained by Lord Randolph in this act of sacrifice was the loss of opportunity. Had he had a full session to work in, weighty with responsibility and sustained by the cordial encouragement of his colleagues, he would have shown qualities of constructive statesmanship that would have proved a pleasant supplement to the destructive tactics upon which his earlier fame had rested. In addition to natural capacity that sometimes touches the height of genius, Lord Randolph is gifted with a tremendous power of work. Superadded is a marvellously keen and clear insight into a complex question, which makes him, in surprisingly brief time, master of new fields of research. An eminent official at the Treasury, not politically friendly to Lord Randolph, told the present writer that he was perfectly amazed by the lightning-like rapidity and absolute accuracy with which the young Chancellor of the Exchequer mastered the financial situation, for the betterment of which he had one or two original proposals intended for expansion in his Budget.

"I have," said this high authority, "worked at the Treasury in intimate relation with Mr. Gladstone for many years. But, next to Mr. Gladstone, I have never known a more promising Chancellor of the Exchequer than Lord Randolph Churchill."

Later, within the past few months, similar testimony to his

quickness and accuracy of comprehension was borne in quite another field. During last Session he served on the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the controlling system of the Army. He took his seat on the Board with neither more nor less knowledge of the important and difficult matters to be inquired into than is possessed by the average civilian. But before many weeks he considerably astonished one military witness, who thought he knew something about Army administration, and discovered the civilian lord equally *au courant* with the circumstances and bearings of the question at issue.

In making or in discussing the arrangement for the re-adjustment of the Ministry, Lord Randolph Churchill is entirely left out of account. That is all very well for the time, but it will not always do. He is too capable a man, too strongly rooted in popular opinion to make it possible to regard him as a negligible quantity. His fundamental fault is a hastiness of temper which leads him into saying and doing things, opportunities for which a man with more command over himself would have foregone. This is a natural failing not compensated for by tracing it back to its source. Yet it is interesting to observe how strong is the strain of blood, and how the character of a personage known in the time of George II. as "Old Sarah" lingers in the person of a descendant living in the days of Queen Victoria. No one familiar with the character of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, can fail to be struck with the strong resemblance Lord Randolph Churchill bears to his far-off grandame. There is the same impatience of restraint, the same recklessness in giving offence, the same prevailing force of character, and the same propensity to the use of vigorous language. "Old Sarah," who could bear with patience few of her relations or connections, would have doted on her kinsman Randolph.

Lord Randolph Churchill is in the running for something more than the Leadership of the House of Commons. He has only one possible rival for the Premiership. It is true that that is a formidable competitor, and that the struggle, not yet openly begun, will present for some years features of profound interest. No one familiar with Mr. Arthur Balfour in the House of Commons seven, or even five, years ago, would have made bold to prophesy that he would reach his present position. There was always something attractive about him in the languorous grace of his manner and in the polish of his occasional sentences; but it seemed to the few who took the trouble of seriously considering him that he was all grace and polish, and that there was no foundation of those more sterling qualities which go to make a man successful in the hard labour of politics. The experience of the last three years has, with ever-increasing force, corrected this impression. Inheriting what is, perhaps, the most difficult post in the Administration, Mr. Balfour has conducted its affairs with a force and skill that have extorted the admiration even of the Irish members. He has disclosed a strength of character and a tenacity of purpose the latent existence of which his most intimate friends never suspected. The languorous youth, with his pretty, mincing ways, has succeeded where the rugged strength and practical manner of Mr. Forster failed.

Whether Mr. Balfour's Irish policy is right or wrong is not here the question. What the House of Commons has seen with pleasure, the greater since its enjoyment in this connection has been rare, is that the Chief Secretary for Ireland has a policy, and resolutely carries it through. The House likes, above all things, a man who, first of all, has a mind, and who can make it up. It will not be driven; hotly resents any attempt in that direction; but at the same time it secretly cherishes a warm regard for a man who rules other communities with a strong hand. The stages of improvement achieved by Mr. Balfour during the last three years are so rapid and so prodigious in stride as to inspire reasonable hope for an indefinite advance with further opportunities. An admirable debater, a hard hitter when occasion offers,

now a trained man of business, and having apparently overcome that dislike for hard work which once handicapped him, Mr. Balfour also has the glorious gift of youth. In the very front rank of English statesmen at the age of forty-two, there is no lay office of the State that he may not aspire to before he is fifty. Early amongst them will come the leadership of the House of Commons, and fortunate is the Party that has such reserve in store.

HENRY W. LUCY.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

THOSE who have any idea of what technical instruction really means, and at the same time know the conditions which surround our elementary school teaching, will readily admit that the modicum of such instruction which can be imparted in the average public elementary school is small indeed. Nevertheless, this modicum is of the highest importance, for it is the foundation upon which the nation has to build her position in industry, manufactures, and commerce. In these schools it is that the future craftsman, and perhaps the future leader of industry, are trained, and it is upon the nature of that training, whether it stimulates or depresses the faculties upon whose activity his success in life depends, that the school becomes a blessing or the reverse. Those who, like myself, desire to see radical changes effected in our primary school curriculum, believe that too many the school is at present not an unmitigated blessing. The system is in many ways unsuited to the requirements of the time. It is founded upon mediæval ideas, wholly inapplicable to the wants of our generation. Mere book-learning and verbal discussions and distinctions must, if we are to succeed, be supplemented by a knowledge of things and an acquaintance with nature's laws. Who can defend, for example, teaching the "parts of speech" to children of six years of age in the second standard? We must all remember suffering in our childhood from having to "*trouver le chat*" in the form of the parts of speech in lines such as—

"The pronoun is a word used instead of a noun,
As, James was tired and *he* sat down ;"

and yet this is the sort of stuff which is crammed down the throats of our poor children of six and seven, to the almost entire exclusion of object-lessons giving them some idea of the world in which they live. I fear, too, that even geography is often made a peg on which to hang lists of meaningless names. This reminds me of a story I heard the other day of a geography lesson in which a boy glibly repeated the names of the seven provinces of Holland, and upon being asked where Holland was he answered without hesitation, "Somewhere in Lincolnshire," showing a delightful confusion between home and foreign affairs not wholly unknown even in the House of Commons.

The changes needed in the Code to bring about what is wanted seem to me, however, to be few and simple. Both the Technical Commission and that on Elementary Education point out the way in which they can be accomplished. Heal the breach between the infant and the lower division of the elementary schools by making a continuation of the object-lessons—hand-and-eye training—compulsory, and let no school be recognised as efficient which does not provide such a course. Take the requisite time away from "English" and "arithmetic," cutting out especially portions of the "spelling" and "parts of speech" lessons. This is not much to ask for. Two hours a week from this sort of teaching will surely not be missed; indeed, many will consider the mere omission to be a benefit. Let these lessons take the place of what is now included in "class" subjects as "elementary science," and be made simple but consecutive instruction in the commoner objects of every-day life, leading up to more specific teaching in elementary science and in manual work in the higher standards, about which I shall have a word to say afterwards.

Such object-lessons should be accompanied by some practical handiwork, such as English-Sloyd, in continuation of the kindergarten teaching of the infants, corresponding to the "needle-work" instruction given to girls, and the efficiency of such instruction should be tested by oral rather than by written examination.

But this is not sufficient. Elementary drawing must also be made compulsory, at least in all boys' schools. I, for my part, cannot see why the recommendation of the Technical Commissioners is not enforced, and elementary drawing made a part of the writing lesson. Copy-books exist in which writing and drawing go hand-in-hand in graduated examples, from the childish "pot-hook"—which itself must be considered to be an elementary form of drawing—to more elaborate forms, whether of "small-hand," "capital letters," or of straight or curved lines combined so as to give a more or less correct representation of familiar objects. All the schoolmasters with whom I have conversed on this subject acknowledge that much of the time spent on writing is wasted, and that the introduction of simple drawing would rather improve than deteriorate the quality of the handwriting. This is all the "technical instruction" which I ask for in the lower division of our schools.

Now we come to the higher standards. Here the "class" and "specific subjects" make their appearance. And we now ask, "Does the Code work well in this respect?" Nothing in my opinion can be more unsatisfactory. To begin with, the instruction in "elementary science" has almost died out. Only thirty-nine schools took elementary science as a class subject, whilst 12,035 took geography. So egregious a failure could not but attract attention, and in the abortive Code of last year an attempt was made to remedy the evil by rescinding the clause which made "English" a compulsory subject out of the two permissible ones. This would doubtless help matters, and it is to be hoped that Sir William Hart-Dyke will this year be more fortunate than he was last session, and carry this point; but this will probably not be sufficient unless some inducement be held out to masters to take up the new subjects of science by an increase of grant. A still further improvement would be to widen Schedule II.; in other words, to give the teacher a much wider scope and choice of subjects upon which he may earn grants. This change can easily be made, and it is to be hoped that this year's Code may see it accomplished, so that one school may take up elementary chemistry, others botany, or mechanics, or elementary physics. Some old-fashioned persons—now, fortunately, a diminishing class—seem to fancy that to teach science in our elementary schools is not only the height of folly, but savours even of sin. Surely the time is gone by when anyone having claim to be considered a rational creature can complain of the education of the people being too good. The old argument that we shall soon have no one to sweep our streets is pretty well exploded, and the position of merely touching their hats to their betters and of being content with the position in which it has "pleased" Providence to place them, is one with which in this democratic age no one will long be satisfied. But those who wish to see things remain as they are have always another arrow in their quiver. "What, teach these children elementary science!" they exclaim; "as well teach them differential equations." The fact is, that few of those who hitherto have had the moulding of our national system, especially those at the head of affairs, have any idea what science teaching means. They look upon it as something difficult and occult, totally unfit for infant pabulum. Nothing is in fact further removed from the truth. Science is only orderly common-sense, that one faculty of all others most useful in this sublunary world. Of course, all subjects can be taught scientifically, but as a rule they are not so taught, and probably languages and arithmetic cannot so be taught to children.

Rerum cognoscere causam, the basis of scientific teaching can only be made plain when the things and their causes are simple, and this simplicity is oftenest found in natural phenomena. To explain the laws of language, or to investigate the grounds upon

which men have decided that two and two make four, involves a mental attitude altogether impossible to a child, not to say to many an adult. But in elementary chemistry or mechanics—indeed, in most branches of physical science—the cause often lies so near the effect that it requires little power to discover it; and it is the ease with which this can be done which renders physical science so valuable an educational instrument.

The often-quoted definition of technical instruction as being instruction in the principles of science and of art which underlie industry, sufficiently indicates that it is only the beginnings of the study of these principles that can be taught in our elementary schools. Those beginnings consist of object lessons, elementary science, drawing, both freehand and mechanical, and handicraft work, or the use of tools. To establish national trade schools such as exist in France, where boys are trained in special crafts, is a proposal which does not commend itself to the English mind. For although such schools may flourish under the Christian Brothers at Artane, or, in a less complete form, in the London Polytechnics, it is clear that as part of a national system they are foreign to our ideas of what is either practicable or good.

Thus, then, the technical instruction needed for elementary scholars within the standards is, as I have said, only a modicum, which, with the single exception of manual instruction in the use of tools, can be given within the Code. Of the necessary instruction of scholars beyond the standards I will speak shortly.

But even as regards manual instruction, it is by no means clear that School Boards cannot, under the Education Acts, do all that is needed. It is true that they have in some instances been surcharged by the auditors, but it is also true that in the opinion of eminent counsel that surcharge was illegal, and at the present moment at least two important Boards are testing the question by introducing manual training on a large scale into their schools. To make matters clear it may be well to pass a simple Act, enabling such instruction to be included in the time-table.

Such an extension and reformation of the curriculum can, however, not be accomplished, pointing as it does in a new direction, unless competent teaching is secured. If elementary science is to be introduced, it must be properly taught by men who have a thorough knowledge of their subject and have been scientifically trained. This the ordinary schoolmaster seldom is. We must therefore for the present appoint special science demonstrators to go round from school to school, giving the lesson and exhibiting the necessary experiments and apparatus in presence of the schoolmaster, who by degrees will become acquainted with their methods. This plan of peripatetic teaching is now working well in several large centres, but it must be extended, not only in populous places, but in sparsely inhabited districts (where of course agricultural instruction must be given), by the co-operation of the local authorities, whether School Boards or others.

So far I have not referred to Sir William Hart-Dyke's Technical Act of last year, or to its working. It does not touch the instruction of scholars within the standards, and therefore such scholars, and schools in which only such scholars are taught, cannot take advantage of its provisions. But scholars in the standards are not the only ones taught in Board as well as in Voluntary elementary schools. The splendid Higher or Central Board Schools which, I am glad to know, exist in many large towns, frequently contain many hundreds of scholars who have passed the standards, and who are continuing their education in science, in drawing, and in literature and languages, as well as in commercial subjects. These schools take the picked scholars from out the standards, and are doing a grand work. One only wishes there were more of them. Such schools cannot receive grants from Whitehall on these scholars, but the scholars get the use of the school-buildings and appliances, and they can earn Science and Art grants from South Kensington.

Now the question arises, how far do the provisions of the Technical Instruction Act enable such higher-grade schools—

whether Board or Voluntary—to obtain aid for technical teaching? The definition of technical instruction under the Act is sufficiently wide. It includes instruction in the principles of science and arts applicable to industries, and in the special application of special branches of science and art to special industries or employments, including not only those for which grants are for the time being made by the Science and Art Department, but also “any other form of instruction (including modern languages and commercial and agricultural subjects) which may for the time being be sanctioned by that Department.”

The answer to the above question is not far to seek. If the local authority with whom it rests to put the Act into force agrees to aid the technical teaching in such schools, and comes to an understanding with the representatives of other educational institutions who make and substantiate similar claims, no one, so far as I can see, is likely to, or indeed can, interfere. The Education Department in Whitehall is ‘out of court,’ because it has only to do with scholars within the standards. That in South Kensington certainly has no grounds for objecting, for the work which it is created to extend is being carried out, and it can only act as umpire when the local representatives disagree. The fact is that the whole matter is left to the decision of the locality. If they agree as to how the rate is to be divided, the matter is settled. If they cannot agree, the Department of Science and Art is called in to act as adjudicator. Whether or not this latter arrangement will prove to be satisfactory to the local authorities remains to be seen. Thus assistance from local rates to carry on such technical instruction to scholars out of the standards as is desired can, I take it, be obtained under the Act. Whether this will be done depends upon the locality, and perhaps also upon the decision which the Courts may, if called upon, pronounce as to the present power of School Boards to carry on manual teaching under the Education Acts; because if this latter prove to be possible, there seems no reason why School Boards should not be able to give any other kind of instruction which can fairly be termed “educational.”

Your space will not admit of a discussion of the further influence of the Technical Act on secondary and adult evening instruction. I must therefore ask you to allow me to deal with these questions on another occasion.

H. E. ROSCOE.

THE EMPEROR'S INDUSTRIAL PROJECT.

THE proposals of the German Emperor on the social problem have hardly received in England the attention due to their real importance. We are always prone to judge everything in the light of Parliamentary tactics, and in the degree in which it concerns directly the politics of the session. It is quite possible that the oldest of all diplomatic hands may be not wholly unconscious of the tactical value of this daring step of the young Kaiser. But Prince Bismarck has never been prodigal or reckless in pledging the credit of the Throne. And it might give a rude shake even to the Hohenzollern dynasty, if the millions of German workmen came to think that their Emperor's promises were mere electoral dodges, for all the world like one of the tricks with which the Leader of the House parries an awkward motion. To do them common justice, the soldierly young William and his mighty Chancellor carry on things in far too lordly a fashion to allow us to treat these rescripts as a bit of electioneering buncombe. Besides this, the act is most grave in itself; it is one of those from which there is no going back; and the scale and effect of it are European.

On the other hand, it by no means follows that, because the project does not immediately concern the British Parliament, it is itself a thing of no particular importance. We may quite agree that the prospect of its forming a new departure in our home legislation is sufficiently remote. We may go much farther than that, and strongly suspect that no very definite or

immediate result is likely to issue in legislation anywhere. But when we have admitted all this, the matter is by no means concluded. One of the most dramatic strokes of our time, by one of the strongest Governments of this century, still remains in all its indirect and moral force, for it advances the real problem of our age to a new and unexpected level. The social and industrial problem, after all, is the central task imposed by the past on the nineteenth century. *Omnes eodem cogimur*. Land questions, tenant questions, municipal reforms, free education, strikes, industrial legislation, and the labour movement in general—all bring us back to the same point, "How best to satisfy the workman's claims?" And now for the first time the most powerful of living ministers stakes upon it the very dynasty of his master, and officially summons the Governments of Europe to conference thereon. It is a sort of new International, not of workmen but of kings. It is the first official and European recognition by the Governments that there is an industrial problem, and that it is a problem of paramount and urgent importance to rulers. If it went no farther, it might have wide and distant effects. The International of Karl Marx set almost nothing directly, but it had some ultimate and indirect results. Nothing could be more futile and unmeaning than the Reform babble of Pio Nono in 1847; but it was the first word of a good many startling things in 1848. No man can suppose that an International of Kings projected by Prince Bismarck can be either futile or unmeaning. It may have no sensational results and no revolutionary aim. But in any case it is an European event.

The part in it of Prince Bismarck himself is not so entirely clear. And it is a curious instance how entirely Berlin has failed to secure the first place in our interests, that, while we know what the young Duke of Orleans gets for dinner in prison, and what is the chance of the Boulangist candidate at Neuilly, no one is quite sure about the true origin of this new move of the Emperor William. There are indications that the Kaiser and his personal friends are a good deal more keen in it than the Chancellor himself. And there are indications also that the Chancellor is anxious to limit his personal responsibility in the business, and to prepare for its failure by minimising his hopes. Be it so; but, whilst he remains Chancellor and accepts a task of calling a Conference of the Powers, Prince Bismarck, the real Government of Germany, remains responsible, jointly and severally with his adventurous young master. He may shake his head as he pleases; but he must go through with it.

Now, what is our own part to be in this matter? Obviously this country must willingly accept the invitation to the Conference. Lord Salisbury would commit a serious mistake if he did not frankly and readily agree to take part in the discussion. He has made one serious mistake; but he is not likely to treat the gallant Kaiser as he treats the President of a Republic. It is needless to make any preliminary reservation; for no English Government could be supposed by the least instructed of foreign Chanceries to be able to pledge this country for an instant to new legislation in restriction of free labour. That is a matter which, by the sound traditions of some sixty years, can only become law after an immense amount of public debate, and by the overwhelming voice of the labourers themselves as expressed at the polls. The fact is so fundamental with English politicians, and so notorious to the world, that no British Government attending such a conference could be supposed to be there on any other footing. To impress that cardinal truth on the mind of the young master of forty legions and on the mind of his masterful servant, would be in itself a very useful lesson to both. It may be that England has nothing to learn about any industrial question from Germany or its rulers, nor indeed from all the European ministries called together in council. But she has everything to teach them. We have already an industrial legislation, in every department but education, much in advance of Germany, Belgium, Italy, or France. We have built it up gradually, not by imperial rescripts or ministerial edicts, but by a constant appeal to

public opinion and full representation of workmen in the Legislature. If we could induce foreign Governments to accept it from ourselves, or even parts of it, the result would be good politically, socially, and economically. And it would be an obvious gain to our own production and to the cause of free trade and free markets, if we could induce foreign nations to assimilate the conditions of their industry to our own. England has everything to gain if Prince Bismarck can extend to the Continent the essential points of English industrial legislation.

In real truth, England is very much further advanced than is any Continental country in the line of what is often called, by an absurd cant, Socialistic legislation. If we are to use formulas instead of good sense, our Poor laws, our Factory legislation, our inspector system, free education, or (if Lord Salisbury prefers it) "assisted" education, Crofter legislation, Ashbourne Acts, and above all, Judicial Rents, are rank Socialism. Why, Europe stood aghast at the audacity of our Judicial Rents legislation, an interference with private contract which perhaps the landowners would have submitted to in no European country without revolution. If the Emperor and Prince Bismarck can succeed in infusing into German industrial legislation one half of the Socialism of our own, it would be a great gain to the cause of labour as well as to English economics.

Why need this business be discussed with misleading formulas about "Socialism?" A leading politician said, with as much wit as good sense—"we are all Socialists now!"—meaning, one supposes, that we are none of us going to be frightened out of useful practical measures by the use of cant terms. Legislation, we all say, shall proceed on lines that we find practicable in themselves, and necessary for the well-being of society. And if we find it necessary, in order to protect a weak and suffering class, that the State should interfere, the State shall interfere, professors of dismal sciences and Auberon Herberts to the contrary notwithstanding. Tories, Liberals, and Radicals, all agree in that, much as they differ to what is practicable and what is necessary. That is a matter of degree; but the cry of Socialism frightens us no longer. The Emperor William and Prince Bismarck have just proclaimed themselves chiefs of Socialism, at any rate in the sense that they admit the industrial problem to be the most formidable task of modern society, and that they intend to try what the State can do to solve it. It is highly probable that one, or both, immensely exaggerate the power of the State to help. But they cannot exaggerate the urgency and magnitude of the problem itself. Young William, it is possible, may be as full of vague Utopias as the Emperor Joseph in the last century. And it is not the first time that Prince Bismarck has shown an amazing misconception of the power of the statesman to settle social or religious questions. Hard facts will soon bring them back to a sound economy. And in the meantime the authority and example of England may be useful to them and to others. The ambitious men who have flung down the industrial problem for the first time on the council-board of Europe may soon learn that they can do very much less than they now imagine. And it is quite likely that they may indirectly pave the way for things that are not dreamed of in the philosophy of the Schloss. But for all that, their act is a new step in the great industrial problem. And the business of this country is to support them, to listen to them, and, if need be, to teach them.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

CHURCHMEN IN COUNCIL.

WHATEVER diversity of views may exist as to the merits of the Church of England, and whatever variety of opinion there may be as to the policy of its establishment or disestablishment, the welfare of the National Church cannot be altogether a matter of indifference to Englishmen in general. There are many Churchmen who discern, not without anxiety, the growth within the Church itself of forces which they think to be more likely than any external religious or political movement to hasten its disestablishment. For some years past the Established Church has presented to the world, in the words used by one of the speakers

at a meeting last week, an aspect of "bewildering chaos, and of impending if not actual anarchy." If the practices adopted by some clergy in the performance of the public services of the Church be legal, then practices followed by all the other clergy must be illegal. Such is, in a sentence, the present state of affairs. It is not that the rival interpretations of the ritual directions of the Prayer Book are different; they are diametrically opposite. Appeals to courts of law have had, for reasons which it is quite unnecessary to discuss here, no effect whatever in restoring order or promoting peace. On the contrary, they have rather resulted in intensifying the bitterness of party rancour, and driving those who had hitherto been neutral to range themselves with the combatants on one side or the other. The number of attempts recently made to put an end to the strife is an indication of the serious character of the situation. An effort was made last year by the Dean of Peterborough to reconcile the irreconcilables, by holding a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber of extreme men of every school. The result of such a course of action could have been easily anticipated. It was foredoomed to failure. Meanwhile, some of the more tolerant and liberal-minded of the Low Church party were becoming ashamed of the Church Association and its policy of prosecution; and they resolved to start a new Protestant Churchman's Alliance. A meeting to launch this project was held in Exeter Hall, and as some difference of opinion was likely to arise, and as the gathering might possibly prove a little stormy, Lord Grimthorpe was secured as chairman, with a view to his characteristically pouring oil on the troubled waters and smoothing things down should occasion require it. At this meeting the essentially Protestant character of the English Church was reasserted with the usual platitudes which never fail to make the walls of Exeter Hall re-echo with applause. What the movement had in view as a practical aim it is difficult to conjecture, save that its promoters sought to "stimulate public opinion" on Church matters, when most people think it is pretty well "stimulated" already. A suggestion was, however, made, and has been, we believe, adopted, that this Alliance should promote a Bill in Parliament which would substitute deprivation for imprisonment in the case of clergy who disobey the decisions of the Courts. This seemed a little at variance with the assurance that the new Alliance was not going to prosecute anyone, and the gain from such an alteration is not quite obvious if the more belligerent Church Association continues its career. The holding of all these Conferences and the formation of these Alliances tend, however, very clearly to show that men are becoming deeply convinced that matters cannot go on as they now are—that "something must be done" or the Church will certainly be disrupted even before there is time for her to be re-established.

The only ray of hope which has fallen across these seething waters of ecclesiastical turmoil comes from a meeting of Churchmen in Council which was held in Westminster Town Hall last week. This movement, of which Mr. Teignmouth Shore is the originator, differs from any other organisation in the fact that it is not based on any party lines. The speakers at the meeting last week were men who had certainly never before joined together for a purpose of the kind. No movement which has succeeded in uniting on a definite principle of action Lord Nelson and the Dean of Chichester, Mr. Kitto and the Dean of Lincoln and Canon Jacob, can be regarded as being in any sense a "party" move; while the President of the Royal Society, Lord Brassey, Sir E. Hay Currie, and Mr. Spottiswoode are not likely to join in an enterprise which is to end in merely vapid declamation. The general principle from which Churchmen in Council start is, as Canon Jacob tersely puts it, "that the National Church has an inherent power of self-control and self-regulation." This is vested in the Provincial Synods or Convocations of Canterbury and York; and Churchmen in Council appeal to the Archbishops and Bishops of both Provinces to take the necessary steps (the permission of the Crown being the first) for making "perfectly

clear what shall be absolutely necessary and what shall be optional or permissive in the performance of the services of the Church." Those Convocations in 1662 passed the present Rubrics and Directions, which are so doubtful as to their meaning, and the cause of such general confusion; and the same authority is now requested to substitute Directions which shall be incapable of two opposite interpretations. It certainly seems to any man of common sense that if all the bishops, deans, archdeacons, and proctors, composing the Convocations—with the assistance of the House of Laymen attached to the Southern Convocation (and about to be attached to the Northern also)—cannot accomplish this task, the Church of England must be in a condition of such absolute impotence as does not exist in any other Church or sect in Christendom.

The two objections urged to this policy are (1) that the Convocations, consisting largely of *ex-officio* members, do not fairly represent the Church; and (2) that after a measure has been adopted by Convocation, it can have no legal force until it has been brought before Parliament as a Bill and carried through all the stages necessary for transforming it into an Act. This is indeed a practical difficulty, because (apart from other considerations) it would be quite hopeless in the present state of public business for Parliament to consider a long Bill containing minute instructions for public worship, which would be discussed word by word by all the clerically minded members. Such debates as might take place then would be most distasteful to many both in and out of the House. Both these objections are, however, to a great extent met by a Bill which Churchmen in Council support, and which they hope may (as it is very brief) be carried through Parliament this session. The object of this measure is to enact that whenever the Convocations shall, by Royal permission, have considered and passed any changes in the Book of Common Prayer, the proposed alteration shall at once be made generally public by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and after the lapse of one year it shall be submitted to the Queen in Council for approval; and if Her Majesty see fit, it shall then lie on the table of both Houses of Parliament for forty days, and if no address be presented to the Crown by either House it shall then become law. The object of this interval of a year before submitting to the Queen what has been done in the Convocations is that any proposed alterations in the Prayer Book may have full publicity, and that they may be discussed in the Conferences held annually in every diocese, which are elected on the broadest basis, and contain a large lay element. These Diocesan Conferences can send up resolutions on the subject which are not likely to be disregarded by the Convocations, and which, if at all general and unanimous, would certainly not be ignored by the Crown. The plan suggested for obtaining legal force for enactments of Convocation by letting them lie for a certain time on the tables of the Houses, is based on a principle already recognised by Parliament, being the method by which efficacy is given to various Orders-in-Council, &c., under general Acts. It is of course absolutely imperative that the Legislature should have this opportunity of effectively protesting against anything being sanctioned which might seem contrary to public policy; while with the minute details of the "ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof" Parliament will certainly not trouble itself.

Without at all committing ourselves to the details of the programme thus set forth by Churchmen in Council, we willingly bear testimony to the excellent spirit in which it is conceived, and the skill which has been shown in formulating it. It has already secured the approval of some of the best men of all parties, political and religious. As contrasted with other schemes recently put forward, it is entitled to the description which Mr. Teignmouth Shore gave of it in his opening speech submitting it to the Westminster meeting last week, when he said, "Instead of a perilous policy of connivance, instead of a paralysing policy of drift, we propose to you a policy of Christian courage."

FOR BETTER OR WORSE?

ARE our newspapers growing better or are they growing worse? It is a bold question that we thus venture to propound, fully conscious as we are of the fact that to the overwhelming majority of "modern journalists" it must appear to be the height of presumption even to suggest the possibility that any change which the press has witnessed during the past score of years is not a change for the better. But with all possible deference to the younger generation who imagine that they are teaching their elders a new and better way in the art of journalism, and that the traditions which cluster, for example, around the name of Mr. Delane, have ceased to be cherished by any but worn-out old fogies, we must maintain that the question we have propounded is at least a subject for fair discussion. Last Saturday the *Pall Mall Gazette* informed its readers of the fact that it had completed the twenty-fifth year of its existence, and in doing so it indulged in a pleasant little retrospect in which the *Pall Mall Gazette* of to-day was compared with the *Pall Mall Gazette* of five-and-twenty years ago. A quarter of a century seems but a short term in the existence of a newspaper, yet so rapid and frequent are the changes in the world of journalism that any daily newspaper which has lived through that period is entitled to boast of the fact. When we look back, however, and compare the newspaper of 1865 with that of 1890, it is impossible not to perceive that changes have taken place in our journals within that period, which go far to alter the character of the whole English press. In the News Department the changes, it may be said at once, are all for the better. Twenty or thirty years ago our newspapers gave us the news of the day before yesterday. Ten years ago they had advanced so far, that when we opened our broad-sheet of a morning it was the news of yesterday which confronted us. To-day we have improved even upon that, impossible as the feat may seem. The evening paper has at last become a power in the land—the evening paper which appears, not at three o'clock in the afternoon, but at eleven in the forenoon or thereabouts, and which tells us the news of to-day, giving us that news in "special" and "extra special" editions hour by hour as the day passes. All this is very wonderful; and, as it appears to have become a necessity of the modern English nature to have its news hot and hot, even from the remotest corners of the earth, we must admit that the press of to-day does its duty in this respect infinitely better than did the press of twenty years ago.

But, alas! when we come to look beneath the surface, when we turn from the columns of telegrams set forth in startling type with wondrous headlines, to that portion of the paper in which the opinions of the journalists are to be found, how marked is the change for the worse between the 90's and the 60's! We are not referring here to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has honourable traditions altogether unconnected with the new journalism, but to many other papers now more or less popular. The character of the change these papers have undergone may be expressed in a sentence. The paragraphist has been substituted for the journalist. Style is a thing which has apparently vanished absolutely and for ever from the pages of the new journalism. In the reflections upon passing events, which are served up with a lightning speed that emulates that with which the news itself is transmitted, hardly a trace is to be found of the breadth and ripeness of judgment which once honourably distinguished the English press. The old "leader" with its well-turned sentences, its thoughtful spirit, its careful weighing and balancing of facts, has been banished from the modern journalism, and in its place we have the smart paragraph, flippant and crude, in which the writer displays his ignorance of all the real conditions of the knotty problem which he professes to solve within the space of a dozen lines. If this were all, if mere smartness and superficiality were the distinguishing characteristics of the newspaper writing which now seems to find favour in many different quarters, we

might wonder at the fact and lament it, without feeling that the ordinary reader had any cause to complain. But unfortunately the spirit of this new journalism seems to have undergone a change corresponding to that which has come over its methods. Flippancy alone, in the opinion of the modern paragraphist, will not suffice. Insolence must accompany the flippancy; and to be personally offensive is the highest aim of those who regard themselves as the leading representatives of the changed journalism of to-day. To what are we to attribute a transformation so grotesque? Probably the brilliant success of one or two of the so-called "society" newspapers has had more to do with it than anything else. The society journals, avowedly dealing only or chiefly with the lighter features of social life, naturally adopt the flippant, easy-going mannerisms which have always been recognised as distinctive of their order. But that newspapers which affect to deal in a serious spirit with the serious things of life, journals which at any rate aspire to lead and form public opinion, should copy the methods and the tone of the society newspapers would be wonderful even if it were not deplorable also. Some of these evening papers have even gone so far in their desire to amuse the multitude as to engage the exclusive services of a comic contributor, a sort of literary clown, who grins every night for a column at a stretch through a horse-shoe, and whose witticisms are about as bright and spontaneous as those of the painted merryman of a country circus. To be brief, flippant, smart, offensive, to say something which shall wound somebody, no matter who or what that somebody may be, never to be fair to an opponent or a rival, never to make the slightest attempt to grasp the realities of a grave problem affecting our social or our national life, but carefully to avoid every serious question and to deal exclusively with those little things which, according to the proverb, "please little minds:" these seem to be the principles upon which the paragraphists of to-day, who have taken the place of the journalists of a former generation, conduct the organs which they control.

But is it the case after all that this new journalism can justify itself by an appeal to its success? A little consideration should lead even the new journalists themselves to entertain some doubt upon this point. To begin with, it ought to be remembered that the new journalism so-called is simply a revival of the old. Whilst during the last thirty years the press has advanced with rapid strides in all that pertains to the collection and diffusion of news, in pure journalism it has gone back even more quickly, gone back to days which have always been regarded as discreditable to the English press. Vulgarity, flippancy, personal tittle-tattle, these were the characteristics of a large portion of our press long before the present generation appeared upon the scene. But under the influence of men like Thackeray, Delane, Dickens, Fonblanque, and Black the discreditable elements in the English press were driven forth from the temple which they desecrated, and we became the possessors of a journalism which, whatever else might be said of it, was at least without a rival in any other country in the world. Were our newspapers really less readable then than they are now? We doubt it. Was their influence upon public affairs less real and direct? Every politician who is past middle age can testify to the contrary. And is it absolutely necessary that flippancy and shallowness and insolence should distinguish the journalism of to-day in order to enable it to succeed? Surely the evidence is all the other way. Without referring to distinctly party newspapers like the *Standard* and the *Daily News*, to both of which, however, we might appeal in support of our contention, we would simply point to the *Daily Telegraph*, a purely popular organ which has lived and thriven, and attained an almost unequalled success, on the lines not of the so-called new journalism, but of that old journalism which was at its prime in the days when the *Daily Telegraph* was founded. Where, again, in the weekly press is there a journal which has during a long period of time enjoyed the support of a more devoted and

powerful band of readers than that which for the last thirty years has been fed on the pages of the *Spectator*?

The conclusion of the thinking man, when he reviews the whole question, must be that in spite of the noisy bray of its everlasting self-trumpeting, the new journalism is by no means the brilliant success which it believes itself to be, and that upon the whole it will be a good thing not only for the English press, but for the English public, when those newspapers which profess to deal with serious questions make the discovery that thoroughness of knowledge, fairness of mind, and accuracy of statement are not incompatible with commercial prosperity even in our modern newspapers.

THE GLADSTONE WEEK IN OXFORD.

OXFORD, Saturday, February 8.

MR. GLADSTONE has spent his week among us, and Oxford—Tory Oxford—has been pleased against its will. Nay, it has been conquered, and in the captive bonds of enforced love and admiration has graced his triumphant course. It was impossible even for Liberal Unionists to hate him. There he was, not in a *Times* leader, but in flesh and blood among them—the upright form that so bravely bears the weight of eighty winters, the nobly shaped head, the ever-changing features, the dark and piercing eye, the like of which has scarcely ever been seen, the charming courtesy, the eager curiosity, the infinite variety, the learning, the deep piety, the profound humility, the memory of great men long dead, and of great deeds long done. How much he has seen, and how much he has achieved! How venerable is his age, and how youthful is his freshness! On him the inaudible and noiseless foot of time seems to steal in vain. It was to no purpose that the barrier of ignorance and prejudice and party-hatred had been long and laboriously raised. Their labour was but lost that built it. He came to live once more the student's life in that Oxford of ours which he loves from the bottom of his heart, and in a moment the barrier was thrown down and overwhelmed. Emperors had abdicated and had sought their cabbage-gardens or their monasteries; but what king of men had ever before found his brief breathing-space from the strife of the great world by returning to his old university, to live once more among the young, among those "in whom life is great and vigorous and growing; in whom hope is strong and full of promise"? Arms were indeed yielding to the gown, and the gownsmen were as proud as they were delighted. Even cynicism, that last refuge of a blockhead, the far too common product of a University, was either shamed or silenced. The half-learn'd wittlings held their peace. Our greatest fault has long been a want of enthusiasm; or, at least, a want of courage to show it when it was felt. If our soul has ever indulged the generous heat, it has done its best to conceal the glow. "Teach us to admire," said the Master of Balliol to a newly appointed Professor of Poetry. This great lesson Mr. Gladstone has been teaching us the whole of his brief stay, and he has found us apt students. In many a man that hateful affectation of a contempt for all deep and strong feelings, which was forming into a crust round head and heart, must in these last days have been broken through—never, we hope, to form again. It is a great thing once to have seen Virgil. Old men forget; but last Wednesday's scene in the Union will still be freshly remembered when the high-spirited lads who witnessed it shall be bowed with years, and when the abuse which has been showered on the great statesman shall have long been forgotten, and the lies which have been uttered against him shall have long ceased wandering. Let newspapers rail, and superior persons sneer, and Society slander. In spite of them the generous young fellows will for the rest of their lives think kindly of the noble old man, whose face they have watched in all its varying moods, and whose deep and touching voice has taken captive their ears and sunk into their hearts.

Not only the young—older men too have been deeply

touched. They were carried away by his love of Oxford, and o all that makes Oxford great and noble. The politician was forgotten in the student of fourscore, and much was forgiven to one who loved so much and so well. "I will never speak against the old fellow again," one man was heard to say as he came away from the meeting. The same kind of sorrow long years ago had touched the translator of the *Lusiad* when he saw Garrick play Lear, and thought of an angry note which he had inserted against the great actor, in his rage at his rejection of his tragedy. Fetching a deep sigh, he turned to a friend and said, "I wish the note was out of my book." It is happy when the love does not come too late. Idle and useless is the sorrow over a great man's grave. It is only "a remorseful pardon" that can then be granted. Many a man who had wronged Mr. Gladstone in his thoughts and words will have the comfort of knowing that his heart overflowed towards him and found relief in his hands and voice at the great meeting on this February afternoon. They had perhaps come thither sternly resolved not to be carried away by any flow of eloquence; to listen in silence, and to refrain from any sign of applause. They were like Benjamin Franklin, who once, from curiosity, went to hear Whitfield preach a charity sermon, with his heart set against him and his pockets buttoned up. But the preacher was too much for the philosopher. He first resolved to give all his copper money, then his silver, and then his gold. When he passed the plate at the door he emptied into it purse and pockets alike.

There were some who held aloof from the meeting in the Union, not from any difference in political views, but from the mere conceit of superior learning. The day of research has come, they said, and no one any more may stray along the flowery paths of knowledge. Fancy has had its day, and fact now is king. Great Pan is dead. Shall the most industrious of politicians lecture on recent research, where the undivided study of long years is needed? Is Saul also among the prophets? What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? If he lectures at all, let him lecture on politics. Such men as these are oppressive by their very learning. They would have scoffed at Raphael's one poem and at Dante's one picture. If they had their way the mathematician would never "let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause," or the politician for one moment forget both "what the Swede intend and what the French." They had no feeling for a scholar of the old school out on a holiday; no sympathy for a statesman seeking one week's rest from a whole year's toil, in the sweet recess of his ancient university, amid her studious shades and walks. They could not understand that when a man comes to

"The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long,"

he longs to tune his own throat to the same sweet-flowing melody. Yet surely for one afternoon they might have laid down that German weight of learning which they bear heavily as a sack of flour, and given play to their imagination. Could they not for once have lost the plodder in the spectator? for once have gone not to criticise and to grumble, but to admire and enjoy? It was indeed a memorable scene which they would have witnessed. He who saw it may well feel hopefully for England. On the one side was the great statesman, in wintry age feeling no chill in his love of knowledge, and inspiring the young and strong to catch up from him the torch which must too soon drop from his aged hands, to keep it burning with a bright and ever growing light, and in their turn to hand it on to others when they themselves must droop and fall in the world's great race. On the other side was a great gathering of men, of whom four-fifths were bitterly opposed to him, overcome by the nobility of his nature, the dignity of his years, and their common love for their common mother, their *Alma Mater*, with generous hearts overwhelming him with their kindness. Even before he had uttered a single word, at his very entrance, he was not only respectfully but most warmly welcomed. Everyone rose, and amid loud applause he passed

along between the bright young ranks of "the flower of England" to his seat by the side of the grandson of Sir Robert Peel. But at the close, when that deep and most touching voice was heard declaring that "there is not a man that has passed through this great and famous University that can say with more truth than I can say, I love her from the bottom of my heart," then the old University saw a sight indeed. The wild cheering, the clapping of hands, the waving of hats, the glistening eyes, told how deeply had been touched old and young alike.

That nothing might be wanting to the perfection of this happy time, the weather has done all that winter weather can do. There have been no rain and no fogs; the air has been bracing, but not cold, and February skies have been blue, and February suns bright. For once even Oxford men forgot to abuse the weather of Oxford. On the part of the Liberals of the University there has perhaps been a little feeling of envy at the success with which their and his political foes have managed to keep the great man among them. But in going among them he was, no doubt, acting on the rule that it is not the righteous but sinners who need calling to repentance. For all of us alike the Gladstone week has come to an end; but it has not left us as it found us. His foes, all but the basest sort, have lost their bitterness, while we who have always loved him and honoured him have had our love deepened and our veneration increased. All alike have been inspired by the sight of the aged statesman seeking rest in change of work, and defying time to quench his love of knowledge and his ardour for truth. Other men may be chained by the weaknesses of years and the satiety of life. But his old age is beautiful and free; and of living he can never grow weary, for he never grows weary of learning.

FRAUDULENT COMPANY PROMOTING.

IT is curiously illustrative of the spirit of our Government that our Company Law is perhaps more defective than that of any other advanced country. A trading association conquered India, private individuals, without assistance from, often indeed in opposition to, the authorities, founded our colonies, and though we supply most of the capital for developing the resources of less wealthy communities, Parliament cannot find time to protect the interests of the investor. As a natural consequence, the City is infested with a horde of unscrupulous promoters. The formation and the bringing out of joint-stock companies, when properly conducted, are not only legitimate businesses, but are extremely beneficial to the public. Wealth in this country accumulates more rapidly than the means of profitably investing it, and therefore, the rate of interest tends constantly to decline. It is a service, then, to the saving classes to provide them with investments that will yield a better return than the old upon their money, and it is equally helpful to new communities to provide them with the funds for opening up their territories, extending the area of cultivation, and developing their material resources. But just as honest promoting does good, in the same proportion dishonest promotion does harm. It deprives the thrifty of the fruits of their savings, and it wastes wealth that, judiciously employed, would increase the well-being of mankind. Yet, though it is notorious that the City swarms with dishonest promoters, nothing is done to stop their malpractices. Many of these persons have been through the Bankruptcy Court again and again, and when they venture to submit themselves to cross-examination in the witness-box, confess to such antecedents that juries refuse to believe them on their oaths. Judges denounce them, but they return to their avocations without interference from the police. It is seldom, however, that the dishonest promoter voluntarily enters a Court. He knows he will not be disturbed by the authorities, and if he is prudent enough to provide himself with skilled legal advice, he may carry on his operations for many years without legal proceedings being instituted against him. Most of those who could afford to take action against him are

either ashamed of admitting that they have been duped, or afraid of losing credit if their losses were known. The poorer sufferers shrink from the expense, trouble, and waste of time that a lawsuit involves.

Where promoters operate on a large scale they usually act in groups or syndicates, or through the medium of trusts and promoting companies. They have in their service a number of gentlemen with sounding names and titles to serve as directors, and they employ skilled lawyers. During the past two or three years they have not needed to bring out actually worthless concerns, for the public has been eager for new companies because of the fall in the return upon investments owing to the numerous conversions and the immense savings of the world. Just for the moment the troubled state of the London Money Market has checked new issues, but as soon as ease returns they will come out again as numerous as ever; for it is notorious that multitudes of schemes are fully prepared, and are waiting only for a favourable opportunity to be offered to the public. Just now, therefore, fraudulent promoters, except they are very reckless, generally bring out properties that have some value, but the price they ask is out of proportion to their real worth. There have been instances where a property has been bought for £20,000, and then has been sold to the public for £100,000. In such a case, the promoters, their agents, intermediaries, and hangers-on, have been able to distribute amongst themselves £80,000, for which the subscribers to the company got absolutely no value. It is possible, however, to make dishonest profits on this scale only where the kind of company brought out has not yet come into general favour, or else where the original owner is unaware of the demand for it that exists in London. In the case of, say, South African gold mines, or of American breweries, the owners insist upon fancy prices. Breweries which are perhaps worth £300,000 or £400,000 have been bought for nearly twice as much, and have then been sold to a company for a million or more, the shares of the company being in due time offered to the public. No competent valuers are likely to be employed in a case such as this, for if they have any regard for their own reputation they must report the price to be altogether excessive. Neither is it likely that the net earnings for a number of years past are disclosed, as that would inevitably discourage subscriptions. The whole thing is taken upon the word of the original owners. Defective as the law is, it could stop this kind of malpractice if there were any machinery for enforcing it, for it requires all material contracts to be made known. It is usual, however, now to insert a clause in prospectuses to the effect that subscribers will be deemed to have waived their right to the inspection of contracts. The clause is probably illegal, but, strange to say, the question has never been decided, and meantime, by means of the waiver clause dishonest promoters grow rich at the expense of the saving public.

But though the more prudent dishonest promoters deal as far as possible only with enterprises that have some value, the more reckless of the fraternity in their haste to grow rich are ready to bring out whatever comes to their hand—a mine that has been worked out, land to which they can show no title, a patent which is invalid or impracticable, or a concession which is utterly worthless. If it is a patent that has to be dealt with the first step is to try to induce newspaper managers to believe that the invention patented will transfer to this country an important industry. If some managers can be persuaded to send reporters to the factory, a special train is engaged, a handsome lunch is provided, and a glib-tongued and specious gentleman takes great pains to explain the new process. Of course the works are yet unfinished, but a sample or two can be shown, and if the reporters are so far impressed as to give a favourable notice next day, an important point has been gained. The opinions of the press are widely circulated, and a company in due time is brought out. It is announced that the patent is so valuable that the rights for foreign countries will be sold for prices sufficient to return to the original subscribers the

whole of their capital. It may be even that the industry is reported to be so large that subsidiary companies will be formed for the North of England and Scotland. Then before the subscription list is closed the shares are run to a premium, and the public are attracted. For a while there is active speculation in the shares, but by-and-by the subscribed capital is called up, and yet there is an unexplained delay in the manufacture. Angry subscribers ask for an explanation, and get none that satisfies them. Then they combine to form a committee of investigation. It is found that the patent is utterly unworkable, and the money subscribed has been entirely lost. Yet very often there is no redress. It may be impossible to prove that the promoters were aware of the unpractical nature of the invention, or if they have clearly been guilty of fraud, they have taken care to remove themselves from the jurisdiction of the Courts before the exposure came. A public prosecution would show whether the promoters had been deceivers or deceived. Even if it failed to obtain satisfaction for the shareholders, the fear that it would be instituted would deter all but the utterly reckless from engaging in a kind of business which must end in exposure and ruin. But a public prosecution is not to be apprehended, and the fraudulent promoters laugh at the efforts of the shareholders to bring them to justice.

SENTIMENTALISM.

THE wife of a Lancashire baronet once wrote to the famous author of "Clarissa Harlowe," anxiously inquiring the meaning of the new word "sentimental," then just beginning to be in everybody's mouth. She could not have applied in a better quarter, but unfortunately Richardson's answer is not before us.

Definitions are difficult things. It might be rash to venture upon one of sentimentalism, but there is no rashness in asserting that an immense quantity of it is now at large. No one who reads current literature can long remain ignorant of this. And it is also true that an immense quantity of sentiment makes the air very heavy. It is not natural. It is like the incense-loaded atmosphere of a cathedral. There are people who enjoy breathing incense, and feel more at home in cathedrals than on the tops of mountains. Whether they like it or not, the result on their mental constitutions is deteriorating.

It cannot be wholesome to live in a condition of things which lacks reality; and one of the notes of sentimentalism, as distinguished from pathos, consists in the absence of reality. A pathetic story may sometimes be improbable, but we ought to feel that, given the characters and the situation, the *dénouement* could have been no other than it was, else the pathos is spurious, not genuine.

Another mark of sentimentalism is the absence of motive for our sympathy. Either the cause of grief is trivial, or else the people in trouble have so richly deserved their fate that no tears ought to be shed over them.

We need not expend pity upon culprits of the worst kind. Everyone is sensible of the pain of the situation when Henry V. turns his back upon his old partner in mischief, Sir John Falstaff. We are conscious of pitying Falstaff. "It was hard upon him," we say. In the hands of some modern writers, one knows how this passing emotion would have been fanned into a burning flame. Fortunately Shakespeare had not a grain of sentimentalism in his nature. Pity he had, of the kind which in gentle hearts is quickly learnt, but sentimentalism did not exist for him. Falstaff dies of a broken heart. On his death-bed, he babbles of green fields and cries out three times to God. No appeal for compassion is made by the magician who called him into existence. On the contrary, there are dark hints that when a man spends his life as Sir John had done, his reception in the next world is likely to be gloomy. Shakespeare evidently placed little faith in death-bed repentances. He may have been right or

wrong in this, but nowadays sentimentalists have ceased to consider repentance necessary at all.

A lady once said to the present writer that the most touching scene in the whole of English literature (she meant, it is presumed, such fragments as she had read) was, in her opinion, the reconciliation between Audley Egerton and Harley L'Estrange in "My Novel." Here is part of the scene she alluded to. We must bear in mind that the two men were early friends, who had quarrelled about a lady:—

"'Ay, ay,' muttered Harley, 'think not of Randal Leslie, think but of my son.'

"'My son! but are you sure that he still lives? You smile; you—you— Oh, Harley—I took from you the mother—give to me the son; break my heart with gratitude. Your revenge is found.'

"He stopped short, and Harley flung himself on his breast.

"'Me, me—pardon me, Audley. Your offence has been slight to mine. Rejoice that we have both to exchange forgiveness, and in that exchange we are equal still, Audley—brothers still.'

"'Oh, Harley, this is revenge! It strikes home,' murmured Egerton, and tears gushed from eyes that could have gazed unwinking on the rack.

"The clock struck—Harley sprang forward.

"'I have yet time,' he cried. 'Much to do and to undo. Your Election will be won. . . . Ah, Audley, we shall be so happy yet.'

"My Novel" is a brilliantly clever book, but whenever the author tries to be pathetic, he only succeeds in being sentimental. The spectacle of two men of the world weeping on each other's waistcoats is not touching. One recalls Bret Harte's parody of the story, in which he alludes to Audley as a gentleman who breathed entirely by an effort of the will, without pulmonary assistance. The sentence about winning the Election is trivial, at such a crisis. To take the taste of Audley Egerton out of your mouth it is only necessary to turn to Sir Walter Scott, and to the familiar scene where the Antiquary sees on the sands the old fisherman employed the day after his son's funeral in mending the boat in which that son had been drowned.

"'I am glad,' he said, in a tone of sympathy, 'I am glad, Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make the exertion.'

"'And what would ye have me to do,' answered the fisher gruffly, 'unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een when ye lose a friend; but the like of us maun to our work again, if our hearts were beating as hard as a hammer.'

"Without taking more notice of Oldbuck, he proceeded to his labour, and the Antiquary stood beside him in silent attention. He observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune hummed or whistled; and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that ere the sound was uttered a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long; then he sawed it off too short; then chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, 'There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae mony years that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, and be d—d to her.'

Here is pathos as distinguished from tragedy. The night of the drowning had witnessed the tragedy. "One day still fierce 'mid many a day struck calm." The day following the funeral is tragic no longer. Grief is calm, and Hope is dead. It is intensely and cruelly pathetic. Bret Harte would never wish to parody a tale like this.

Lord Lytton has fewer readers than of old, but our tables are

still crowded with sentimental stories and poems which the public love. Reality is neither expected nor missed. If any disagreeable creature ventures to say, "But it is not like real life," someone quickly replies, "Oh, but it is so awfully pretty." "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was awfully pretty; one of the pleasantest stories of the sentimental school ever written. The public were enchanted, and did not stop to ask whether such a boy ever ran upon two legs. Perfection is usually the result of long years of struggle and discipline. Lord Fauntleroy attained it before he was seven years old. His admirers were so many and so enthusiastic, that nothing but a dramatic representation would satisfy them. Mrs. Burnett had written an earlier story about a girl called Louisiana, a little work of genius, sparkling with humour, and full of exquisite pathos, but comparatively small attention was paid to it. Yet since the days of "Cranford," when Mrs. Gaskell told Miss Matty's love-story, and the misfortunes of poor Peter, the note of pathos has never been more truly touched.

The result of this sentimentalism in life is very marked. We can laugh at it, and to a moderate degree even enjoy it, in books. But when it meets us in an actual work-a-day world, the contact becomes nothing else than sickening. Last summer, when all sentimentalists were quarrelling with the judge and jury who had been at work over the Maybrick case, the atmosphere seemed heavier, more laden with poisonous incense than ever.

In one large town a Revivalist preacher, addressing a meeting on behalf of the criminal, exclaimed, "Let him who is without sin among us cast the first stone!" The audience were left to suppose that the preacher had murder and adultery on his conscience; but the feeling he expressed was received with enthusiasm, and they cheered him to the echo.

Sympathy with vice is often a result of sentimentalism, and also a remarkable hardness of heart in cases where sympathy would be of service. It is not strange that this should be so. It is the result of living in an atmosphere of unreality. If you tell a true sentimentalist some shocking story of cruelty suffered by a child in the next street to his own he will murmur, "How touching," and quote Victor Hugo's beautiful saying about the sufferings of childhood, and do nothing. Sentimentalists are oftener found in the columns of the newspapers, boiling with indignation, than prosecuting ruffians in the police-courts.

Successful philanthropists have never been sentimentalists, but usually grim, prosaic personages like the celebrated John Howard, who went about with scales in his pockets to find out for himself whether prisoners got their proper rations. Sentimentalists do not care for scales—they are, we suppose, too closely associated with justice.

INSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(FROM THE BENCHES.)

THE extraordinary enthusiasm which some of our senators show for their duty fills me with joy on account of the interests of the public service. It also inspires me with a chastened melancholy on account of my own shortcomings in this respect. I cherish the hope that this enthusiasm may continue and increase, though experience has convinced me that appearances are more deceitful on the first day of a Session of Parliament than at any other time during all the weary days which we must spend at Westminster until Her Majesty piously consigns us once more to the care of a merciful and let us hope forgetful Providence. In truth there was very little reason for anyone to come down early on Tuesday. After casting about in vain to find any reason for the anxiety of my colleagues to be present at prayers, I can only suggest to myself that it was caused by a sentiment of curiosity in regard to our genial chaplain, Mr. White. He is not new to the work, but his performance of it was new to many of us. And it must be a relief to every well-regulated mind to know by actual observation that our spiritual interests are in competent hands.

The House was crowded when Mr. Speaker appeared for prayers, though not very many availed themselves of their privilege to accompany him to the rival institution across Westminster Hall. An unkind fate has apparently denied some of us all sense of humour. For my part I cannot imagine any sight more irresistibly comic than the spectacle presented on these occasions. The Lords Commissioners sit in all their glory, and to them enters humbly the Speaker of the one branch of the Legislature in whose proceedings anyone takes the slightest interest. The faithful Commons, struggling and panting behind him, do their best to enter into the spirit of the joke, and try seriously to believe that the respectable peers around them really are a living force in the political world. Solemn salutations are exchanged between the principals in the comedy, and we depart gravely happy in the possession of a lordly benediction, with feelings very much akin to those of Mr. T. W. Russell under the patronage of his Ulster "deadheads."

Recovering speedily from our interview by proxy with Her Majesty, everyone fell to gossip. Lunch and tobacco, with their accompaniments of strong waters and coffee, are powerful among the influences which make for peace. The House is no longer, perhaps, the best club in London, but its common-rooms are happily still places in which its members only remember political differences to laugh at them. Every imaginable topic was discussed in those cheery two hours, and with a freedom and sometimes, I grieve to say, with a levity calculated somewhat to astonish the ingenuous constituent. To do him justice, this gentleman has the advantage of us, in that he generally believes in what he votes for, and sometimes indeed with a fervour of conviction which would lead him to invoke the vengeance of heaven on the patriot of his choice who would seem to lend himself to the snares of the evil one by keeping up friendly relations with his political foes. I tremble when I think of the advance of science. Imagine a phonograph in the smoking-room, and the ruin it would bring to many a happy political home! We may bless our lucky stars for the genial confidences of this sacred spot, and still more that they are kept so well. I suppose it must be the instinct of self-preservation which has happily accustomed members of Parliament in all generations to regard their smoking-room as a holy of holies from which gossip must not be carried to profane ears outside.

Everybody seemed surprised that no mention of free education was found in the Queen's Speech. Prompt steps are to be taken by the Opposition to remedy this defect. I fancy the general impression seemed to be one of doubt if the country were fully prepared for such a step. Certainly the difficulties of carrying any scheme likely to be proposed by the friends of the Church would be very great, though nothing to compare with those which would meet a Bill on any such lines as would be acceptable to the Radical party.

Speculation was very rife as to the paragraph about Ireland. I am rather surprised at the mention after all of local self-government for Ireland. No one appears to treat this seriously or to believe the Government intend really to endeavour to deal with the question this session. Several members thought it indicated a speedy dissolution. Their idea was that Ministers would pass a good land transfer Bill for England, present a popular budget, and then introduce an extended scheme of local government in Ireland. They would claim that coercion had succeeded in rendering Ireland fit to govern itself, and would go to the country on local government *versus* a separate Parliament. But the general view is that nothing will be done in this direction. Towards the middle of June, Mr. Smith will declare with tears in his voice that the unprecedented obstruction with which the benevolent efforts of the Government have been met has so delayed the business of the House, that his duty to his God and his country compels him with grief to sacrifice the Local Government for Ireland Bill. *Sic transit!* This has been the fate of the Wheel and Van Tax, and the Sugar Convention, and the Tithes Bill, and Ireland is not likely to fare any better.

While members were trooping to put into the ballot for their pet Bills, I went to the House of Lords to hear the Address moved by Lord de Ramsey. There was nothing very new in the speech of this nobleman. Nature has endowed him with an excellent presence and with a voice of thunder. He also apparently possesses a fine vein of unconscious humour, which cropped out in some fatherly advice to working men—if any words of his should be read by the labouring classes. Imagine the docker rushing eager to his paper on Wednesday, thirsting for advice from the mover of the Address in the House of Lords! But their lordships gravely cheered, so I have no doubt peer and docker are equally satisfied with their representative.

In the faithful Commons everything proceeded with the most decorous dullness till the ballot for days was finished. Of right the Address should then have been moved. Man proposes, but the Grand Old Man disposes. And it was therefore ordained that Sir William Harcourt should raise a question of privilege on the publication of the forged letter. This he did in his best archiepiscopal manner, but to no avail. Mr. Gladstone came to his aid; all the lawyers of the House contradicted each other in the most professional way, and in the end the House, by a majority of forty-eight, refused to concern itself with the atrocious injury done to one of its most prominent members. The object of the Opposition seemed to be to take the earliest opportunity they could get of separating the question of the forged letters from the rest of the report of the Royal Commission, and to emphasise the view they have always taken that the matter of the letters was the one new point raised in Parnellism and Crime. I don't think any one was very happy over the debate. Certainly the supporters of the Government did not seem enthusiastic. Every one seemed to feel that some more generous acknowledgment was due from the majority to an opponent whom they had so wickedly wronged. The general opinion might be fairly summed up in the language of the immortal Mr. Toots' famous prize fighter. "My sentiments is game and fancy, master," said the Chicken. "That's wot my sentiments is. I can't abear a meanness. W'y, it's mean. That's where it is. It's mean."

(FROM THE GALLERY.)

Even a stranger would have discovered from the aspect of the House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon that a party battle was imminent. The benches were crowded—a flush of excitement was diffused through the House; but it could not be said that both sides were equally eager for the conflict. The attacking party were in the highest spirits, and the joy of battle pervaded the Liberal benches. Among the Conservatives there was visible gloom and depression. It was known that Sir William Harcourt would raise a question of privilege over the forged letters, and both the Government and their supporters were aware that there was no answer to the case by the Opposition. The Ministers slunk into their places almost unnoticed, and Mr. Balfour alone received the tribute of a feeble cheer. Very different was the reception of Mr. Gladstone. As soon as he appeared, his supporters began to cheer, and their welcome of their chief was not merely a mark of honour to him but a challenge to the Conservatives.

Sir William Harcourt stated the question of privilege in connection with the Pigott letters with moderation and rigour. He had so good a case that the Conservatives listened to him in silence, and did not make the interruptions with which they so often assail the trenchant criticisms of the member for Derby. Sir John Gorst, who was put up to speak for the Government, made a most ludicrous answer to Sir William Harcourt. Sir John is a clever, though rather flippant, debater, and he must have felt that on this occasion he was playing with the intelligence of the House. He first argued that it was too late to make this a question of privilege, and then it was too soon. The House laughed and jeered at the contradictory treatment of the question. It was clear that Sir John Gorst had

no belief in his own case, and that he was slyly laughing at his friend. The Tories were angry and annoyed. They felt that if the Government had no better defence than this, the question had been decided against them on the testimony of reason, and during the whole of his speech they maintained a sulky silence. If, however, the Tories were quiet, the Liberals treated Sir John Gorst's argument to a chorus of laughter. Fortunately for the Under-Secretary for India, the appearance of a mouse temporarily diverted the attention from his performance. The little stranger ran out on to the floor, and was much frightened to find itself the object of so much notice. It perhaps vaguely felt that it was committing a breach of privilege, and, at any rate, it wanted to escape from the attentions of members as rapidly as possible. It ran hither and thither for a few moments, and finally sought refuge behind the friendly legs of the occupant of the front Opposition bench. This incident somewhat disconcerted Sir John Gorst; but his arguments were so poor that no confusion of ideas could make them worse. Mr. Gladstone had no difficulty in "smashing and pulverising" the answer of the representative of the Government. He showed that the Opposition could not have raised the question before, and he appealed, in language of great elocution and power, to the House to do justice to Mr. Parnell, to the Irish nation, and to its own dignity.

The scene during the delivery of Mr. Parnell's speech was striking and impressive in the highest degree. The two most conspicuous figures in it were the triumphant leader of the Irish party, and the humiliated leader of the House. Mr. Parnell spoke with that quiet concentrated intense force which he exhibits on occasions when he is deeply moved. Every sentence that he uttered fell on the Conservative ranks with crushing weight. The Tories were awed into stillness. To do them justice, they hardly gave expression to a sound; and even when he spoke of the "incredible meanness and cowardice" with which he had been treated, not a protest, articulate or inarticulate, rose from the Conservative side. They heard Mr. Parnell's scathing denunciation of their conduct with regard to himself in saddened and, it is to be hoped, repentant silence. Mr. Parnell's tone and language were those of the victor. During the whole of the debate the Leader of the House looked extremely miserable, and the speech of the Irish Leader completed his humiliation. Never did a man in Mr. Smith's position present a more sorry sight. Every sentence in Mr. Parnell's indictment seemed to add to his pain; but he had at least the manliness to respond to Mr. Parnell's final appeal. The apology which he offered to Mr. Parnell lost all its grace by coming so late in the history of the forged letters; but it was ample and unreserved. It is the only expression of regret from the Tory side of the House that deserves this character.

For the first time in recent Parliamentary history, the motion for the Address could not be made on the day on which the Royal Speech was delivered; and the members to whom fell the task of proposing and seconding the Address had to perform this duty on Wednesday morning. The court dress and the military uniform which custom prescribed for the occasion looked garish and out-of-place in the cold and prosaic light of a day sitting. Mr. Gladstone's review of the topics discussed in the Royal Speech was remarkable, not only for its fairness, but for its light, easy, and playful treatment of the different points on which it touches. The Conservatives were delighted to hear his endorsement of Lord Salisbury's action on the Portuguese question, and a smile of delight passed over the countenance of the First Lord of the Treasury when he found that he had not to meet a rigorous attack on the foreign policy of the Government. It is a study to watch Mr. Smith when Mr. Gladstone rises. The uneasy and disturbed expression appears on his face; and if Mr. Gladstone launches out into an onslaught on the policy of the Government, Mr. Smith's look becomes more unhappy as he proceeds. When, as sometimes occurs, the Leader of the Opposition at once shows that he only intends to make some mild and gentle comment on the proceedings of the Ministry, it is amusing to observe the relieved

expression which passes over Mr. Smith's countenance. The most effective part of Mr. Gladstone's speech to-night was his observations on the abandoned Sugar Convention. The author of that abortive instrument was treated to a dose of keen and delicate railery. Baron de Worms received the reward for his labours in the form of admission to that august body, the Privy Council. This was the sign and seal of the completion of the great work, but what, asked Mr. Gladstone amidst the laughter of the House, had become of the Convention itself. The reply of the Leader of the House to Mr. Gladstone was dreary and vapid even for Mr. Smith. Fortunately for himself, Mr. Gladstone had treated the Government gently, but it was not difficult to offer a kind of answer to his few adverse criticisms. He mumbled out a few sentences on several questions raised, but the interest of his speech was confined to the points of the practical abandonment of the free education scheme and of the Sugar Convention. When the debate was adjourned a vast number of private Bills were brought in, and a crowd of members struggled to obtain places for their different measures.

FROM PALL MALL WINDOWS.

AN OUTLOOK ON MEN AND AFFAIRS.

THE death of old Mr. Talbot of Margam has set many tongues wagging. We have heard a great deal about his shrewdness, his accomplishments; his unbroken tenure of his Parliamentary seat, which made him the Father of the House of Commons; his local authority, which enabled him to shoot pheasants in February and partridges in August, without incurring pains and penalties. His wealth, really enormous, has been increased tenfold by Pennialinus: its division between his heirs has been confidently, if not accurately, stated; and its eventual destination announced with prophetic assurance. But amidst all this tittle-tattle very little has been said about the most interesting episode of his long life. This was his intense devotion to his only son, whose early death was both an abiding sorrow to his family and a great loss to the world. Theodore Talbot was one of the most remarkable characters of his generation; an athlete, a sportsman, a Master of Hounds, the type and model of a country gentleman; heir to great station and great wealth, and holding, in virtue of his birth, a passport to all that was most brilliant and luxurious in life, he yet surrendered the best years of his manhood to philanthropic and religious labour in the slums of Holborn, feeding the hungry and tending the sick, and even burying the dead, and trying to draw the most wretched and degraded of his fellow-creatures to a better and brighter life. He was in truth, though not in name, a Christian Socialist. He died from a hunting accident at the age of thirty-seven, and an interesting and appreciative memoir of him has just been written, and privately circulated, by his friend Sir Baldwin Leighton, author of the "Life and Letters of Edward Denison."

"The most powerful man in the Colony is the Bishop," said Lord Carrington to a visitor at Sydney; and everyone who knows Bishop Barry will realize that he is a born ruler of men. Tall and commanding in appearance—

"With that vast bulk of chest and limb, assigned
So oft to men who subjugate their kind,"

a dignified manner, and a resonant voice, he makes an admirable figure alike in the pulpit, the episcopal throne, or the chair of a public meeting. His degree—Fourth Wrangler and Seventh Classic—was one of the wonders of modern Cambridge, and he possesses, in unusual affluence, the gifts of hard-headedness, logical power, and lucid exposition. All these qualities are just now tested to their uttermost. At the suggestion of the Bishop of Rochester, whose diocesan assistant he now is, Bishop Barry has undertaken to give a series of lectures at the Lambeth Baths, on the relations between Christianity and Social Problems. His

audience intimate their respectful dissent from the episcopal conclusions by chaff and cat-calls, and at the close of the entertainments, gather in the streets to hoot and pelt the departing lecturer. Certainly, as manifested in London, the Gospel of Socialism does not recommend itself by the "mildness and sweet reasonableness" of some of its professors.

Mr. Gladstone returned rather reluctantly from the sumptuous halls and libraries of Oxford to Lord Tollemache's rather dismal house in St. James's Square. But his colleagues report him in remarkably good case, and, with the sole exception of his deafness, showing no signs of age. Like all men who have never known any physical troubles, Mr. Gladstone is inclined to make a good deal of his difficulty of hearing, and to speak of it as a disqualification for Parliamentary conflict.

The wedding of Earl Russell, which was celebrated the other day at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, took place under rather unusual circumstances. The wedding party assembled at the bridegroom's house, and, as soon as the function was over, the bride, instead of departing on her honeymoon, went to her room to nurse a severe attack of pleurisy, supervening on influenza.

The physical condition of our public men continues to be a disturbing factor in political calculations. Mr. Gladstone, as we all know, is made of impenetrable stuff; Mr. Goschen is as tough as a bone, and Mr. Chamberlain as hard as nails. But Lord Hartington's fine frame conceals much constitutional weakness, and Lord Salisbury has always been a delicate man. This fact has of late years been forgotten by the general public, which saw only the immense amount of work that he got through; but it is never absent from the minds of those who are responsible for his well-being. When quite a boy, long and lean as Mr. Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil used to fancy himself the victim of all kinds of fatal maladies, and to mope and despond accordingly. After taking his degree, he was absolutely forced by Sir Henry Acland, then the leading physician in Oxford, to take a voyage round the world as a preliminary to entering Parliament. For many years afterwards his health continued to be very precarious, and in 1878—when he was Foreign Secretary—he was seriously ill with renal trouble. Of late he has reached a most unwieldy weight, and his disinclination for exercise is a serious impediment to his recovery from the weakening effects of influenza. On grounds of physical expediency, if on no others, his friends would rejoice to hear that he had resolved to emancipate himself from one-half of the double burden which, as Premier and Foreign Secretary, he now bears.

By immemorial tradition a certain amount of respectable frowziness was held to be the *cachet* of the most exclusive clubs. White's and Brooks's were pre-eminent examples of this aristocratic squalor. But last year White's, under the energetic leadership of Mr. Algernon Bourke, began to set its house in order, and the sight of fresh paint, new papers, and modern drain-pipes in their opposite neighbour stirred to emulation "the executors of the late Mr. Brooks." The temple of the Whigs is now radiant with Gillow's upholstery and the electric light, and its ancient inhabitants wander mournfully about their transformed home, in fruitless quest of the decent dinginess which had become their second nature.

While this revolution was in progress, the members of Brooks's were the guests of the Reform Club, and as a mark of gratitude for a long-extended hospitality, they offered to present the Reformers with a statue or picture of some eminent politician. This offer was refused by the committee of the Reform Club, although many of its members would not be sorry to see the series of bald heads and buff waistcoats, which decorates the walls of their central hall, replaced by works of worthier art.

Mr. Herbert Gardner's engagement to Lady Winifred Byng is an event of some importance to the Liberal party. In days gone by Mr. Gardner was a smart young man about town; an ornament of ballrooms; and, alike as a playwright and as an actor, in great request at private theatricals. Since 1885 he has been member for the Saffron Walden

division of Essex, a capital Radical, and one of the most energetic and popular men on the Liberal side of the House of Commons. At the next election his seat is to be challenged by Mr. Moreton Frewen, the eminent exponent of ranching, bi-metallism, and Imperial Federation. The attack can hardly be seriously intended, and indeed the only possible danger to Mr. Gardner's seat arises from the fact that the beautiful Lady Brooke lives in his constituency, and is a potent electioneerer in the Tory interest. It is satisfactory that at the next election Mr. Gardner's eloquence and industry will be reinforced by the persuasive influence of a fascinating and accomplished wife. Lady Winifred Byng, who was left a widow two years ago, is the eldest daughter of Lord Carnarvon. Mr. Gardner's fate was sealed during a visit which he paid last week to the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland at Battle Abbey, near Hastings.

Sir Charles Tennant's gallant fight at Partick is made the more creditable by the fact that for some months past he has been suffering from severe and persistent sleeplessness. He is reported to be bearing his disappointment bravely, and to be sanguine of an early and triumphant victory in Peebles-shire.

ON A CELESTIAL QUIETIST.

"THE perfect man does nothing beyond gazing at the universe. He adopts no absolute position. In motion he is like water. At rest he is like a mirror. And, like Echo, he only answers when he is called upon."—Chuang Tsü, Chinese Sage. (See Article in last week's SPEAKER.)

SAGE, twenty centuries ago,
 Musing beside the Yellow River,
 Your creed, which makes the "Mugwump" glow,
 Makes the Humanitarian shiver.
 No devotee of *Laissez Faire*
 Have we of your peculiar pattern;
 That lady of the listless air
 We banished long ago to Saturn.
 Your wish to "leave mankind alone"
 Out-Herods Auberger Herbert wholly;
 The languorous lotus-eaters, prone
 On beds of amaranth and moly,
 Were scarce such Quietists as you,
 Old Auriel of the almond optic.
 Consider, careless Chuang Tsü—
 The other day, in regions Coptic,
 Men found a million mummied cats,
 Embalmed about the time of Moses.
 (We rummage 'midst Nilotic flats,
 And dig where Pharaoh's dust reposes.)
 What deem you, Sage, we did with these
 Strange relics of a creed departed?
 Brought them by ship-loads o'er the seas,
 Over our cornfields to be carted!
 Not even your calm creed could cure
 Our restless day's irreverent craving;
 'Twill use cat's-mummies for manure,
 'Twould break up pyramids for paving.
 What would they make, our thralls of trade,
 Zealots of creed, and dupes of faction;
 Our rival hosts in arms arrayed,
 Of your great gospel of Inaction?
 "Do nothing, and all will be done?"
 Our Nihilism's different, very!
 Or life might be far greater fun—
 Our manners milder, moods more merry.
 Your picture of the Perfect Man,
 Observant, fluent, and reflective,
 Drawn where your Yellow River ran,
 Haunts us in reveries retrospective.
 Your Mirror and Slow Stream appear

Types of the polished and the placid;
 Your Echo bland we cannot hear;
 Our hearts are hot, our tempers acid.
 We glimpse you, gentle Chuang Tsü,
 Through Herbert Giles and Bernard Quaritch,
 Half wishing we could live like you,
 And "keep our breath to cool our parritch."

A REPUBLICAN VIEW OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS.

PARIS, February 11.

I KNOW nothing which more conclusively proves the depth of degradation to which the Monarchical idea has fallen and the complete vulgarisation of a former Royal Family than the recent escapade of the Duc d'Orléans. The natural place of a pretender to the throne is exile. He can only emerge from that exile in order to put himself at the head of a revolution which will restore to him the crown of his forefathers. Such has been down to the present moment, in all times and in all countries, the doctrine consistently held by royal pretenders themselves. It was reserved to the family—or rather to the commercial association—of Orleans and Co. to change all this. Did any Stuart ever abate his dignity to the point of asking of a prince of the House of Orange the hospitality of English soil in order that he might live there as a simple citizen or merchant? The splendours of the throne, or the bitter pain of exile—between these two extremes a middle course could only compromise and soil the royal dignity. Thus did the Stuarts reason, and they reasoned rightly. The Bourbons held the same view. You never heard of a Spanish Bourbon begging for the hospitality of a Joseph Buonaparte or of an Amadeus of Savoy. No Neapolitan or Tuscan Bourbon promised Victor Immanuel that he would live as a private gentleman at Florence or Portici. No French Bourbon proposed either to a Buonaparte, to an Orleans, or to a Republic, a little convention under which he was to return to France as a simple citizen. But the Orleans family take another view. They are always *parvenus*, and the true conception of the royal dignity never seems to enter their heads. Their programme is to be at the same time pretenders and citizens. They are, in the family of kings, that which "half-and-half" is in the can of beer. They don't know how to be citizens, seeing that they demand the throne; and know still less how to be Pretenders, seeing that they fall back upon the common rights of their former subjects. The Comte de Chambord chose exile for himself and would have considered it an insult if any one had proposed to him that he should buy an hotel at Paris and live in the kingdom of his fathers as a private gentleman under the Government of M. Thiers or M. Grévy. As to the Comte de Paris since he has posed before the country as the Comte de Chambord's heir, and has been treated as a Pretender—that is to say, expelled—he has made all Europe resound with his cries.

It is in this fashion that we have naturally reached the day on which the Duc d'Orléans has demanded the right to serve in the Army of the Republic as a simple soldier in spite of the fact that he knew perfectly well that the law forbade his doing so. When your Young Pretender wished to serve in the army he put himself at the head of the rising in Scotland; he did not ask from George II. a saddle in the Life Guards. And then when the Republican Government refused, in virtue of the laws (and if there had been no law, simple common sense would have ordained the same thing), to lend itself to the pretty comedy the whole Orleanist faction burst into tears and protestations. What would the son of Philippe Egalité have said to the son of the Duchesse de Berry if the Comte de Chambord had asked Louis Philippe to allow him to serve in the National Guard? All the Orleanists are up in arms, and there are no insults, no calumnies, which they will not throw at the wicked Republican Government which has expelled the Princes, which will not accept

their services, which even imprisons them. The few days in prison which the Duc d'Orléans has spent in eating partridges, soles à la Joinville, asparagus and peaches à la Condé, seemed to be the height of abomination. But these gentlemen forget or ignore the fact that the sister of the Duc d'Orléans is at this moment the Queen of Portugal, and that the Portuguese law against the family of Don Miguel not only provides for their exclusion from Portuguese soil, but condemns any one of them who ventures to return to be shot within twenty-four hours of his arrest. Should a grandson of Don Miguel venture to take a walk in Lisbon, the brother-in-law of the Duc d'Orléans, in virtue of the law of 1834, would shoot him without mercy.

The Duc d'Orléans comes to Paris and allows himself to be conducted to the *Conciergerie*, in one of the apartments of which he fares like Lucullus himself. It seems, however, that the Republic even has not, in the opinion of some persons, the right to defend herself. Nevertheless that right which they refuse to her she will take. The Government declines to yield, and treats the Duc d'Orléans according to his merits—at once as a Pretender who must be made to feel the strength of the law, and as a youngster to whom serious men are permitted to show some indulgence. The whole Royalist party, as you know, has made a demonstration on the subject of this escapade which might make even those monarchs of self-advertisement, Barnum, Sarah Bernhardt, and Boulanger, jealous; but the outburst of noise has produced no echo. I admit that the Duc d'Orléans, who was yesterday a cypher, has now made for himself a place in politics, but in return his supporters must admit that the indifference of the public, both in Paris and throughout the country, has been extraordinary. Even we Republicans are astonished by it. However, it seems clear that this little escapade was prepared long ago; for the Comte de Paris did not go to America in order that his son might improvise this demonstration, and in a year or two, more or less, you will see the Comte de Paris abdicate his rights in favour of the Duc d'Orléans. The Republic, even with this in prospect, can sleep in peace.

JOSEPH REINACH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LAND PURCHASE AND PLAIN QUESTIONS.

SIR,—“Common Sense” errs completely as to the fact when he asserts that the valuer sent down by the Land Purchase Commissioners regards the landlord's interest only. The extent of the landlord's interest cannot be determined by inspection and valuation merely; it is a question to be settled by evidence, and the valuers hold no court of investigation. The Commissioners have no statutory right to discriminate between the landlord's property and the tenant's property. As a matter of fact, the Chief of the Purchase Commission, Mr. John George MacCarthy, in his first public pronouncement after the Ashbourne Act came into operation in September, 1885, expressly warned the tenants “not to be fools enough to offer or agree to buy their own shares of the dual ownership.” The warning would be superfluous if he had the power to nullify such agreements. It expressed his own sense of justice; but he could do no more to secure justice.

For a man who aspires to see facts as they are, your correspondent makes strange blunders in his interpretation of the significance of the facts. He asserts that because a tenant who has purchased from his landlord and is obliged to resell gets a higher price for his good-will than he would have got before, we may be certain that the instalment is not excessive for the landlord's interest. Of course in every case of purchase the annual instalments due to the State are less than the former rent; because the payment to the State is rendered easier than to the landlord, and the former charges less interest for its capital. No matter how small the reduction, the tenant's good-will is by so much enhanced. But the question is not whether the tenant gets a certain measure of relief, but whether the landlords are being paid too

much for their property. The mere appreciation of the tenant-right does not prove that they are not. In the total absence of the judicial powers which “Common Sense” has credited the Purchase Commission with, there exists no guarantee that such is not the case.

Finally, your correspondent asserts that if the tenant, as I have alleged, cannot secure fair terms by reason of coercion and indebtedness, then the repayment of the instalment would be doubtful; and therefore the Commissioners must see that the tenant has fair terms. This is as much as to say that a man cannot be robbed unless the whole of his property is taken. If a tenant's good-will is worth £100 a year, and the landlord's interest is worth another £100 a year, surely both together would be very good security for even £150 a year, an annual instalment which would confiscate more than half the tenant's property.

Your correspondent asks “How it is that the Ulster farmers are now quarrelling with the Government for not making this swindling process compulsory.” The Ulster farmers do not seek impossibilities. They know, as everyone of common sense ought to see, that the adoption of the compulsory principle would at once force the State to undertake the work of revising the contracts of purchase. The Government cannot compel landlord and tenant to agree upon a price. The demand of the Ulster tenant-farmers, unseasonable as it is with a government of landlords and subscribers to the Land Corporation of Ireland (Limited) in power, is virtually a demand for the abolition “of the swindling process.”

By all means let us see facts as they are. Let us go a step further and interpret them truly.—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT DONOVAN.

The Nation, Dublin, 11th February, 1890.

MR. HUXLEY AND THE LAND QUESTION.

SIR,—It can scarcely be expected that THE SPEAKER'S correspondence column will be thrown open to a discussion as to whether “concrete facts and illustrations” are so entirely on the side of even limited private property in land as the writer of your critique on Professor Huxley's article appears to assume. With regard, however, to the *à priori* argument in favour of common rights to land, I may perhaps be allowed to point out that Mr. Huxley's *reductio ad absurdum*, quoted therein with approval, is scarcely so conclusive as might appear.

The common right to land which we Land Nationalisers insist on is a right not to *own* but to *use* land upon equitable conditions. We contend that there can be no such thing as true ownership of land either by the individual or the State, and that the old writer who proclaimed “The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof” drew a far more logical conclusion from the principle that “expenditure of labour in production is the best title to exclusive possession” than does Mr. Huxley. What we claim for the human race—for the South Sea Islander as much as for the English labourer or Scottish crofter—is the common *usufruct* of Nature's great endowment, the land—the common and equal right of all men to use that by which all must live. Of course while the South Sea Islander, or Frenchman, or German, prefers the use of his native land to that of ours—as he usually does—his right to the latter remains in abeyance, and is merely represented by that right of free immigration generally conceded by civilised states. Given this right of immigration, and the public administration of the land and ownership of its *revenues*—the produce of the common *usufruct*—it becomes a mere question of expediency whether the unit of administration shall be the municipality, the county, the State, or some wider area still, for in either case the claims of that supreme Equity, vaguely termed “Natural Right” by the Revolutionist school of thinkers, are acknowledged, and substantial justice is done.

Nor would these claims be abrogated even if special circumstances—*e.g.*, a threatened wholesale immigration of an inferior race of low *morale*, such as the Chinese, should in self-defence compel their partial suspension. An act of homicide committed in self-defence may be justified without denying the sanctity of human life.

The legitimate place of the *à priori* method in political argu-

ment, effectively vindicated by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the recent controversy on the subject, needs no further justification. Trusting, then, that you will give insertion to this elementary statement of a principle now widely held and of increasing practical importance, I am, etc.,

OSWALD EARP.

Melbourne, Derby, Feb. 11, 1890.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, Feb. 14, 1890.

THE luck of the Scotch is proverbial. They are fortunate in everything; unless, indeed, it be in the selection of their parliamentary representatives. There, if the present animated Lord Advocate is to be believed, their good fortune has deserted them, and their plight is woeful. This is no concern of ours. If exception it be, it proves the rule. But lucky as the Scotch are (save possibly as aforesaid), nowhere is their luck more clearly shown than in their literature. This they have managed to endow with a charm that has conquered a somewhat savage prejudice. Englishmen have never felt it part of the Act of Union to speak with respect of the Scotch accent, or even of the Scotch religion. Scotch pride and Scotch poverty, and other Scottish complaints, have been fertile themes for Southern wit, some part of which has always consisted in the denial of the capacity of any North Briton to appreciate its exquisite felicity. And yet, in the teeth of this, and despite the substantial justice and general applicability of Charles Lamb's complaint that he had never known a Scotchman who had taken the least pains to like him, book after book has been produced north of the Tweed, which though pronounced in their nationality, and written in some variety of that idiom which excited the savagery of Swift, have, like "bonnie Leslie," gaed o'er the border, and forced the Southron, not indeed to forswear his native authors, but to place a stranger by their side.

What has happened so often before is happening now. Everybody is reading "A Window in Thrums," and "Auld Licht Idylls." The instantaneous popularity of these two books is a beautiful thing. It is Faith's Restorative; for if it does not annihilate the doctrine of the Universal Depravity of the Human Race, it goes a long way to justify a belief in their Final Restoration.

The author has conceded nothing to the public taste. May he never do so! He has been inflexible and resolute, an artist from first to last. Of Sentiment, that odious onion, not a trace is to be found in these sweet-smelling pages. But tragedy is there, and pathos well-nigh unbearable, and humour abundant, inevitable, yet always surprising, so cunningly is it hid. Mr. Barrie has taken no pains to be understood. He plunges us *in medias res*. He has not thought fit to prepare a preliminary dissertation concerning Scotch manners and customs. He has avoided those theological niceties and theories of Church government which meant so much to the men and women he describes. He does not even condescend to explain in a footnote the meaning of the title of one of his books, "Auld Licht Idylls." And yet he cannot suppose many Englishmen to have read "Little Naphtali," or even the appendix to the "Judicial Testimony," published by the Old Light Burghers in the year 1810. He has not concerned himself with these things, and it may be conceded—though I do so reluctantly, for "Little Naphtali" is excellent reading—that he has done well.

Man's life here below, as led by a god-fearing, albeit occasionally drunken race, with poverty and unremitting labour at the loom for their immediate portion, but with the assurance of immortality deep hidden in their hearts, is theme enough for a Shakespeare. It is Mr. Barrie's theme, and nobly he has treated it. In his small mirror, man, nature, and human life are faith-

fully reflected. The world is not here ransacked in its remotest quarter to supply new sensations for jaded globe-trotting novel-readers. Tired of Balzac, tired of Tolstoi, tired, too tired, of Ibsen, what are these poor wearied ones to do pending an outburst of literary activity on the part of the Portuguese or some other hitherto dumb nationality? Their taste is a peculiar one. Leebie and Jess, Jamie and Hendry, Lang Tammies and Cree Queery, are not much like the heated heroes and heroines of the modern novel. The odours of the restaurant do not hang heavy over Thrums. But if the books are once taken up, they will not lightly be laid down, and when they are, it will be in what Carlyle has called "a comparatively blessed mood," the reader feeling that he has passed his evening "well and nobly, as in a temple of Wisdom, and not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms, with fools and noisy persons."

Readers whose manhood will not allow them to weep must be warned off the latter half of "Thrums." But why need a man be ashamed to weep? Dandy Dinmont wept as he beheld the recognition of Bertram by Dominie Sampson. "Deil's in the man," he blubbered, "he's garr'd me do that I haena done since my auld mither died." Who need wish to be a better man than he whose only reply to the smuggler who held Bertram by the collar was a blow that would have felled an ox?

It is, I know, risky work saying anything about Irish literature. One does not want to have Tom Moore, witty as he was, thrust down one's throat. Still, with one's life in one's hand, it may be said that the ill-fortune of Ireland has pursued her here. It was different once. Kings have been educated at Irish Universities. Her saints are in every calendar. But in modern times she has never captured the ear of Europe, save when she spoke through the trumpet-tones of O'Connell. Balzac, it may be remembered, said O'Connell was one of the three men he himself would have liked to be, and that because O'Connell was the incarnation of a nation—from which it appears that M. de Balzac considered Ireland a nation. Mr. Balfour does not. On a question of this kind it is safest to side with genius. But O'Connell, magnificent as he was, is not Literature.

The Essays of Thomas Davis have, I observe, just been reprinted in the "Camelot" series. Davis was a noble patriot and a good journalist, but his Essays will hardly add a new author to the small band of those who go on year after year adding to the number of their devotees.

Miss Edgeworth's name ought always to be welcomed with loud cheers, but its mention does not dissipate the gloom. Her Irish Tales are admirable, but their most remarkable achievement was, by reminding Sir Walter Scott of a mislaid manuscript, to suggest the Waverley Novels. Scott's own words in his General Preface are always worth quoting:—

"Two circumstances in particular recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscript. The first was the extended and well-founded fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up."

What the good Sir Walter's ever-exuberant generosity led him to attribute to Miss Edgeworth's Irish Tales, may, every word of it, be applied to his own magnificent legacy of goodwill to Great Britain; but in the year 1890 one is forced to admit that his estimate of Miss Edgeworth as a completer of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland was inaccurate.

"Castle Rackrent" is a work of genius, "The Absentee" is an interesting book, "Rosanna" a pretty story; but that they have not consolidated society, or conquered prejudice, or disarmed hatred, the pages of Hansard can testify.

Miss Edgeworth was too keenly alive to her countrymen's faults and shortcomings to do them justice. Scott approached his noble task joyfully, convinced that he had a tale to tell and a gallery to exhibit, to which men would listen, and into which they would enter with corresponding delight. His countrymen's faults sat very lightly on him. Miss Edgeworth had a harder task. Irish melancholy, which assailed Scott himself when in Ireland almost overwhelmingly, prevented her from rejoicing in her work. Ireland has been so lectured and scolded that it seems almost impossible to enjoy an Irishman's jokes without immediately referring to his rags and hanging moralities thereon.

"The Absentee" is a most melancholy book. Nothing can well be finer or sadder than the way in which the English Lady Dashford, desirous for her own ends of disgusting young Lord Colambre with his native land, does what Miss Edgeworth feelingly calls "the dishonours of the country," pointing out, as Miss Edgeworth makes her do, with almost devilish skill and malice, national defects, whilst skilfully avoiding either the sight of or any reference to national merits.

The "dishonours of Ireland!" How often have they been done! Miss Edgeworth's Irish Tales would have lived longer had their author been a little less alive to foreign opinion.

As it is, the best achievements of Irish literature in modern times have been those works which boldly traverse the allegations of Ireland's enemies, and narrate the history and explore the sources of Irish suffering. The noble and magnificent speech of Michael Davitt before the Parnell Commission is the last and most notable addition to this class of literature.

The marked recrudescence of national feelings in the constituent parts of the United Kingdom, which is proving so puzzling to official persons, may possibly produce literary results.

It is absurd to suppose that four nationalities can be turned into one without inflicting heavy losses. If Scott had been called to the English Bar and lodged in Bond Street, his life's work could never have been done, a loss which eternity might well have mourned.

Whether subordinate and derivative legislative assemblies, with control over the executives, will prevent the exodus of Scottish, Irish, and Welsh genius from their native lands, is of course uncertain. But no one will deny that there is no truer bond of union between nationalities than the existence in each of a distinctive and characteristic literature. A. B.

Mr. Stopford Brooke is making steady progress with the "History of English Poetry," upon which he has long been engaged. He is tarrying lovingly and sympathetically in the pre-Chaucerian period, for there, strange to say, he finds much that seems like a reflection of our own era—the same *Welt-schmerz*, the same weariness and sadness, and the same tenderness for nature which has pertained to English poetry from Wordsworth to Tennyson. This early poetry would seem to be separated as by a great gulf from the verse of Chaucer. Mr. Brooke's book will be eagerly looked for, and still more eagerly read.

It cannot be said that Heine, one of the most interesting and fascinating of literary personalities, has been at all too much written about by his English admirers. There is a very poor Life by Mr. Stigand, a very bad one by Mr. William Sharp, and that is all. One can therefore give a ready welcome to anything new on the subject, and Mr. R. McLintock's "Heine: Novelist and Dramatist," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Roper & Drowley, may be severely criticised; it will not be ignored.

It is eleven years ago since Mr. Anthony Trollope wrote his biography of Thackeray. He was handicapped at every turn by the fact that Thackeray had left express instructions that no Life of him should be written. Trollope was not strong as a critic, but had it not been for this restriction

he might have given us a good Life of Thackeray. Confined, however, as he was, entirely to criticism, his book was worthless. But Mr. Herman Merivale, who is writing on Thackeray for the "Great Writers Series" will probably do better. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has broken down the barrier which once separated us from her father's inner life. The Brookfield letters and her own sketch of Thackeray's childhood would afford life and colour to any biography. And now we are promised the Reminiscences of the novelist's private secretary. It may be hoped that Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mrs. Ritchie will decide on publishing an authoritative biography. Lives of Thackeray we shall have in abundance with his ever-increasing fame; but the good, generous, brave-hearted Thackeray will be best seen in his letters to his family and friends.

That two old schoolfellows should both, unknown to one another, have devoted their lives to writing histories of Greece as did Grote and Thirlwall, has often been remarked upon. It may be worth mentioning that two old Trinity College men have been busy lately with translations of Herodotus. A translation into English has just been made by Mr. George Macaulay, a nephew of the historian, and another translation into Roumanian is the work of M. Demetrius Ghica, son of Prince Ghica, the Roumanian Minister here.

Mr. George Kennan's articles on convict life in Siberia, which hardly excited as much attention as they deserved when they appeared in the *Century Magazine*, are to be published shortly in book form, with many additional illustrations, by Mr. Fisher Unwin. No novel could surpass in thrilling interest the story of Nathalie Armfeldt, of Dr. Vilmar, and of other unfortunate men and women whose life-tragedy is described in Mr. Kennan's pages.

Perhaps the biographer of the future will deal, not with the letters and postcards, but with the telegrams and phonograms of our great men. Robert Browning is the first poet whose voice literally lives after death. It has been recorded on one of Mr. Edison's wax phonograms.

REVIEWS.

THE MEMOIRS OF DUKE ERNST.

AUS MEINEM LEBEN UND AUS MEINER ZEIT. Von Ernst II., Herzog von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha. Vol. iii. Berlin, 1889.

THE third volume of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's Memoirs is not so interesting as the second. We no longer have the penetrating, if somewhat indiscreet, criticisms of the Prince Consort upon men and things. Very few of his letters are printed in this volume. Perhaps the remonstrances which are said to have been addressed to the author produced their effect. Still, the personal reminiscences of anyone so highly connected and so highly placed as the Duke cannot fail to be of importance. This instalment closes the series. It deals with the establishment of the new Kingdom of Italy, the war between Germany and Denmark, and the war of 1866, which led to the establishment of the North German League.

It would be hopeless within the limits of this article to cover any large portion of the field which the Duke has surveyed in six hundred pages. We must confine ourselves to those points which most nearly concern us—the personal relations of Duke Ernest with our own Royal Family, of which many interesting memoranda are to be found.

We know, from the "Life of Lord John Russell," that the Queen did not approve of the sympathy shown by Lord Palmerston and his Foreign Secretary for the cause of Italian unity. The Duke gives us the Prince Consort's views on the question, who writes to his brother in November, 1859:—"Our time is principally taken up with a very unpleasant war of correspondence with Palmerston and the Foreign Secretary, who are joining their forces to revive the war of liberation in Italy, to make France break her word with Austria, and to stir up all kinds of quarrels. Their contrivances for doing things in an underhand manner which they dare not do openly are endless, and if you seize one of them the other slips through your fingers. This causes me great anxiety for Germany, for both of them have the same feelings and methods of action as in 1848-50, freedom and nationality for Italy Hungary, Poland, and Greece—none for Holstein or Germany;

Austria to be stronger in Germany by being turned entirely out of Italy, intimacy with Louis Napoleon, maintenance of the despotism in France." A month later we find that the Prince was equally unable to accept the programme of Austria and the Pope. This included the recognition of the rights of the Dukes of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, an engagement to restore them even against the wishes of their subjects, and a federation arranged in such a way that, while the Pope and Austria had twelve votes between them, Sardinia had only three. The key-note of the Prince Consort's opposition to Palmerston's policy lay in his profound distrust of Napoleon III., whom he regarded as the worst enemy of the peace of Europe. This is evident from the following letter, written when the annexations of Savoy and Nice were in prospect:—"Every honourable man must feel morally injured at the obvious triumph of rascality. France again draws all possible advantage from the friendship of Palmerston, and the sentimental hope of his little colleague to throw a new lustre on the name of Russell by defending in 1860 the principles of 1688, it not occurring to him that the first thing needful is that there should be an analogy between the two sets of circumstances. The material which the Emperor possesses is vast indeed. It consists in his unlimited power, his sympathy with *Carbonari* views, his popular origin, his Napoleonic name, in the knowledge of the weakness of his people, in his enormous army, in his inexhaustible supplies of money, in his elastic conscience, and in the fact that he can employ the whole of the French press for his purposes." A touching account is given by the Duke of the visit paid to him at Coburg by the Queen and the Prince Consort in the autumn of 1860. It was on this occasion that the Prince met with an accident which, although it had no share in shortening his days, showed to close observers how delicate was the thread on which his life hung. The Prince was driving in a carriage-and-four from Callenberg to Coburg—the horses shied, and the carriage was dashed against a barrier which protected a level crossing of the railway. The Prince jumped out, and, although he was only slightly wounded in the forehead and the nose, yet he was so much shaken that Stockmar said that a serious blow might be fatal to him. On the morning of the departure of the royal pair, the Duke and his brother walked up to the fortress, which commanded an extensive view. The Prince burst into tears, and told his brother that he well knew that he was standing in that place for the last time in his life.

The few communications between the brothers alluded to in the Memoirs during the last year of the younger brother's life, refer to the marriage which had been already arranged between the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra of Denmark, to the step taken by the Duke of executing a military convention with Prussia, and to expressions of the deepest sorrow at the sudden death of King Pedro of Portugal. The Duke tells us, with regard to the first, that the princess was even then considered one of the greatest beauties in Europe, and that her charms of mind and manner were equal to those of her person. Yet there was some fear lest the announcement of a Danish marriage should fall like a thunderbolt on Germany. The end came unexpectedly. The Duke did not hear that his brother was seriously ill until a few hours before his death. There can be little doubt that the disease of which the Prince Consort died had made considerable progress before it was discovered. The Duke hastened to England. He met the Queen at midnight on the staircase at Osborne after a stormy passage across the Solent, where both were so broken down with grief that they could express themselves by sobs alone.

After the death of the Prince Consort affectionate relations were still maintained between the Duke and the English Court. There is a pathetic letter from the Queen, dated January 29, 1863, inviting him to "Bertie's marriage," in which she says:—"Things go very badly with me, and the whole of this Greek business has affected me terribly. The burden I have to bear is far too great for a poor woman who stands so completely alone with a number of children, and every day, every hour, I feel more and more the awful gap, which becomes ever greater and more terrible." That the Queen was able to stand alone and to do her duty as a Constitutional Sovereign was amply proved in the disputes which led to the war between Denmark and Germany. The Duke was naturally on the side of Prussia; on the other hand, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell held that the invasion of Schleswig by Germany would entitle the Danes to the active military and naval support of England. The Queen wrote to the Duke on January 8, 1864, as follows:—"I asked Alexandra to send you preliminary thanks for your various letters, and I can to-day only reply to one of them. I have also received the memoirs which accompanied your letter about the then present position of the German-Danish question,

and I have sent the last, according to your wishes, to Lord Russell. You know, my dear Ernest, that, whatever my personal feelings may be, I can only answer such a communication with the advice of my Government. You seem entirely to overlook the fact that England is bound by the treaty of 1852, and however much I may regret the manner and way in which this treaty was concluded, the present Government has no other choice except to abide by it. Our dear Albert *could* not have acted otherwise. But all my exertions, and those of my Government, are directed alone to the preservation of peace. I cannot avoid adding that I have been much disturbed by the precipitate and hasty steps of certain South-German Governments, unfortunately including your own, and expressing how sorry I am that a path of conduct has been entered upon which threatens not only to disturb the general peace of Europe, but to involve Germany in revolution and civil war." The Duke is of opinion that the reputation of England never sank so low as at the moment when the German troops entered Schleswig, and the English showed no sign of fulfilling their engagement. It is scarcely necessary to say that he communicated this opinion plainly to the Queen, but he adds that the Queen was far too fully aware of her constitutional obligations to allow herself to express a single word in correspondence which was not in complete agreement with the policy of the Cabinet. However, when the Conference of London had entirely failed in securing peace between Denmark and Germany, the Queen informed the Cabinet that she would never give her consent to taking part in a renewal of the war, and empowered Lord Palmerston to dissolve Parliament if the Opposition succeeded in carrying a vote of censure against the Government.

In the autumn of 1864 the Duke paid his first visit to the Highlands and to Balmoral. On the way, a statue of the Prince Consort was unveiled at Perth. The Queen made a speech to the assembled crowd with such fulness of tone and vigour that the Duke, who had never heard her speak before, was carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. He afterwards saw the Mayor of Perth receive the honour of knighthood in the mediæval fashion, delighted in the scenery of Braemar, which reminded him of his own Thuringia, listened to the Æolian music of the heather, and went out deerstalking. If the Duke is less exciting in this volume than in its predecessor, he has at least learnt discretion. If his opinions are not of very great value, he was certainly so placed as to learn more than the generality of mankind of facts that are worth knowing.

DE QUINCEY'S COLLECTED WRITINGS.

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY. New and Enlarged Edition. By Professor Masson. Vols. i.—iv. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

SINCE the original "Confessions of an Opium-eater" passed out of copyright, there has been abundant evidence that De Quincey's reputation is still alive. In the great competition of the mighty—and cheap—dead author with the mighty or otherwise but comparatively dear living artist in words, which is as much one of the features of our time as that farmer's horror—but consumer's joy—the overwhelming importation of foreign meat and corn, the unprotected Confessions have played their part. We may be sure the book would not have been pressed into this service if there had been no sign of a demand for it.

For the living writer of books there is an obvious grain of comfort in the fact, if he is a man of mark in his own generation—and what writer of books worth his salt does not believe himself to have made some mark?—the time when his works shall go out of copyright is a time for him to look forward to. If he has not got his deserts now, he may get them then. It may seem to him now, rightly or wrongly, that he cannot lower the price of his own commodity and at the same time satisfy that base necessity from which the dead author is free. The publisher of the future will be able to form a more unbiassed judgment. And then his turn may come of that widespread praise which, as we have often been assured by those who ought to know, is a much stronger and nobler motive to authorship than "solid pudding." The impartial verdict of posterity will then be delivered. Those who scout the possibility of such a verdict, and think that a man is judged once for all by his own contemporaries upon his first offer of his credentials, have evidently overlooked that new crisis in the history of a writer's book which has been created by the

modern law of copyright. The books have another chance, if not the writer, on the expiration of his copyright.

It was in vain that De Quincey tried to prolong his copyright in the "Confessions" by re-writing the greater part of them in 1856, thirty-four years after the first publication, re-writing and expanding the book till it became substantially a new work. Enterprising publishers have reprinted the original and now unprotected form, either ignoring the existence of the later work with the same title, or claiming superiority for the original over the amended version. That the first form is the best may be argued with some show of justice; there is a colour for it in the fact that it was the preliminary narrative that De Quincey afterwards expanded so enormously in his peculiar discursive manner, while he left the sections on the pleasures and the pains of opium untouched, save in a verbal change here and there. It was as the Opium-eater that De Quincey made and still keeps his reputation, and the main interest in the "Confessions" of an Opium-eater should naturally lie in the record of his transactions with the drug and their effects. The original "Confessions" of De Quincey came to the point much more quickly than the later and more elaborate narrative. No true lover of his writings would reckon this discursiveness as a merit.

The differences between the two versions are not unimportant in their bearing on some of the vexed questions of De Quincey's singular personality. Not a few errors have arisen from assuming the two to be identical. The competition for the uncopyrighted "Confessions" has also given the owners of the copyright all the benefits of advertisement, a service which in these days is made the excuse for a multitude of sins. It is possibly to the interest thereby revived in the Opium-eater that we owe the present issue of a new and enlarged edition of his collected writings, based on the collection made by himself during the last six years of his life.

Be this as it may, the new collection, as far as it has gone—four volumes are now before us—is vastly superior to the old, although that was made by De Quincey himself. Better arrangement and greater completeness are the two claims made for it, and both are amply justified. Professor Masson is the new editor, and his name is a guarantee for businesslike thoroughness combined with scrupulous respect for his subject. De Quincey's own arrangement was made hurriedly, and though his general scheme was perfect in theory, it had to yield in practice to the necessity of keeping the press supplied, as the issue of volumes went on at tolerably regular intervals. He was a very fastidious artist, and the autobiographic papers in particular, which had appeared in various magazines, he was anxious to re-cast and re-write for his collective edition. Thus it happened that the arrangement of them was discontinuous and puzzling, and that they incurred a worse misfortune—incompleteness. The veteran Opium-eater died before his task was finished, and about a third of his personal reminiscences were left in the obscurity of back numbers of *Tait's Magazine*, now nearly half a century old.

Thus, of the first three volumes of the present edition, in which all the autobiographic papers, including the famous "Confessions," are brought together, at least one volume in amount has all the interest of novelty for the present generation. The incompleteness of the standard edition was disguised, unintentionally no doubt, by a prefatory statement that it was "understood to contain all his contributions to periodical literature of any value." Few English readers have gone behind this statement. Now and again it has been publicly challenged, as some student of De Quincey chanced to come across an old volume of *Tait's*, or a copy of the more complete American edition. But the majority even of those who have written about De Quincey have assumed that the collective edition was complete, and that he did not carry his meditative reminiscences, except in the case of Wordsworth and Coleridge, past the time when he went to Oxford. The papers now republished range over some twenty-five more years of his life, and deal with the events and persons of his undergraduate life at Oxford, his residence in the Lake Country, and his visits to London when stress of circumstances drove him there in middle age in search of literary employment.

It cannot be said that these papers contain anything startlingly new, anything that will revolutionise the current estimate of the man or of his place in English literature. But they are far from being destitute of value. They were written in the maturity of his style and his powers, and are equal to the very best of his writings. Of course nobody who knows De Quincey's manner will expect from these papers any great addition to the store of biographical facts, though they deal professedly with his personal recollections. The facts are merely the warp on which he weaves the rich woof of comment and gorgeous rhetoric. Hard and dry particulars had no interest for

him, and were probably forgotten; his memory retained only what had impressed it deeply enough to become a centre for imaginative reverie, or humorous reflection, or speculative theory. But seeing that in this addition to his autobiographic *causeries* he goes back over his experiences of Oxford and his recollections of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lamb, Charles Lloyd, "Christopher North," Allan Cunningham, and other more or less interesting persons, they add very substantially to our knowledge of De Quincey and his opinions, and provide a rich feast for those who enjoy the luxury of his style. The finest of the papers now recovered is that of which the subject is Charles Lloyd. This is not so much of a *causerie* as the others, but rather a finished composition in his "impassioned" manner. There has been not a little discussion over De Quincey's use of this word "impassioned;" but his most hostile critic would be bound to admit that the passion in this touching sketch is tragic in the most legitimate sense. The paper on Charles Lamb is in a very different vein, as befits the subject; but we doubt whether anything has ever been written about the ever-delightful Elia with a more sympathetic understanding than De Quincey shows in his account of his introduction to Lamb at the India House, and the first evening he spent in his company.

The paper on Kant, from which the American publishers shrank, but which Professor Masson has not hesitated to reprint in its place among De Quincey's recollections of Oxford, is a stiffer affair. It shows what he was capable of as an expounder of abstruse philosophic principles. If Mr. Leslie Stephen had seen this exposition, he could hardly have written as he has done about De Quincey's philosophic pretensions, and his belief in German metaphysics. It seems that De Quincey's studies in that field, though earnestly pursued for several years, ended in disappointment. There is, however, one curious indication, which might have delighted Mr. Stephen, that De Quincey either did not know Locke at first hand, or had read him carelessly. He takes for granted that by "reflection" as a source of knowledge, Locke meant reflection upon sensible experience. Now the precise Lockian meaning of "reflection," and the frequent misapprehension of it, would have furnished De Quincey with such a thoroughly congenial topic for subtle disquisition that we may be sure he would not have missed it, if he had been as familiar with Locke's system as he had undoubtedly made himself with Kant's.

LONDON AWAKENING.

THE METROPOLITAN YEAR-BOOK, 1890. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

AMONG the many signs that the dry bones of London are beginning to live, and that its *disjecta membra* are coming together in a connected whole, is the reappearance of this little book in its present form. Like the County Council, the "Metropolitan Year-Book" made its first appearance last year; but it came "before the swallows dare," and before Mr. Ritchie dared to wave his Prospero wand and summon the County Council to exercise its powers. Consequently, it was not, as it now is, a guide, first and foremost, to London municipal government and public life. Never was there anything for which a guide was more needed. In spite of the County Council, London is still "a chaos of areas, a chaos of authorities, and a chaos of rates," as they stand revealed in this book. The creation of a County of London has removed (or is in course of removing) one chaos of areas and authorities—that of the Metropolitan counties of Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex; though, curiously enough, even that is a fact which does not seem to have penetrated the minds of some Londoners, conveyancers to wit, who still go on describing St. George's, Hanover Square, as in the county of Middlesex, when it is in the county of London. But, then, your good old-fashioned family conveyancer is just the kind of person who would only wake to the fact that modern Babylon had been taken by a modern Cyrus when he found there was no more conveyancing to be done because a scientific registration had taken its place. Your average Londoner, however, is not much better in matters of local government. And no wonder, when he is so harassed and perplexed even in the simple operation of voting for his governors. He has to get his overseers appointed, not by himself, but by the Justices, on the 25th of March; on the 7th or 8th of April he may vote for Guardians of the Poor by a complicated system of cumulative votes according to property, and by filling up a paper with perhaps fifty competitors for twenty-five places, which paper the

policeman calls for (a system of voting condemned in the strongest terms a dozen years ago by a committee of the Commons for the frauds to which it gave rise); next, some time in May, fixed at the sweet will of the Vestry, he may vote for vestrymen, first by show of hands, then by a poll which he must attend in person, if he can find out the polling place; and there, whether he votes by ballot or by paper, and in what form the paper is to be, the Vestry determines and alters as it likes. In November he may every third year vote for the County Council by ballot, one man one vote; and he may also every third year vote—but as a member of an entirely different constituency—for a School Board, on the principle of a cumulative vote, according, not to property, but to the number of members. And when he wants to abuse somebody for mismanaging his business, he has the greatest difficulty to know whom to abuse, and he is pretty sure to find that he has no one whom he can tell either to do better or to go. If a despotic policeman keeps him out of Trafalgar Square, he has to go to the Home Secretary; but if an equally despotic policeman kept him out of an open space in the City (if such there be) he would have to go to the Common Council. If the Homerton Hospital managers waste tens of thousands in jobbery and corruption he can abuse the Metropolitan Asylums Board; but he cannot turn them out, because they are partly named by Government and partly by the Boards of Guardians. If the schools for pauper children are mismanaged he can abuse again the Metropolitan Asylums Board; but for mismanagement of elementary schools in general he must attack the School Board. And so on. All this mighty maze is no longer without a plan, because it is all noted in this book, and noted, so far as we can see, accurately. Oddly enough, however, the map of the county of London which begins the book illustrates forcibly the pitfalls in London government. The map gives (1) "the electoral divisions" and (2) "the urban sanitary districts." Now in London there are no urban sanitary districts, which are the children of the Public Health Act, and the Public Health Act does not apply to London.

The areas shown as urban sanitary districts are actually the Unions—that is, the Poor Law areas. But the true sanitary district in London is the Vestry, *i.e.*, the Parish, or the District Board of Works where two or more parishes have been united. The Parliamentary borough followed the parish boundary, and the County Council electoral divisions are the same as the Parliamentary divisions; so that where the union and the District Board of Works areas differed, the Parliamentary and County Council divisions coincide with the latter, not with the former. All which is a powerful argument for simplification and consolidation of rates, areas and authorities. The next step is to reconstitute the Boards of Guardians and the Vestries into single representative bodies; to merge the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the City Corporation in the County Council, to increase the number of its members, and to give it the control of the police. The present muddle cannot be allowed to go on.

What further may come in the municipalisation of water and tramways and gas companies, if the latter are not extinguished by the electric light companies (all of which are duly noted in our guide), we can only dimly dream.

Before leaving our guide, however, we ought to say that it will take us not only to County Council and Vestry meetings, but to banks and clubs, to public officers and to churches of all kinds, to schools and football matches, even to hunts and race meetings. One notes a few errors on the way—*e.g.*, the conversion of the President of the Board of Agriculture into a full-blown pillar of the Church as her Chaplain; in the Charity Commission there is no mention of the Endowed Schools branch of it, though Christ's Hospital and Betton's Charity schemes testify to their activity on London's behalf; and among Churches the Positivists are not tolerated.

THOMAS DAVIS.

PROSE WRITINGS OF THOMAS DAVIS. Edited, with an Introduction, by T. W. Rolleston. London: Walter Scott.

NATIONAL AND HISTORICAL BALLADS, SONGS, AND POEMS. By Thomas Davis. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

It will be forty-five years next September since Thomas Davis died. For more than a generation his memory and his work have been dear to his fellow-countrymen, and have stimulated all that is best in the national life of Ireland. But it is only now that English readers have been given an opportunity of studying some few of the brief and scattered writings which were the only literary fruit of his short life. We trust that the little book which Mr.

Rolleston has edited will be circulated far and wide throughout England. There is no Irish writer whom Irishmen love more, and therefore none whose works are more worthy to be read by Englishmen who love Ireland.

Thomas Davis died at the age of thirty-one. He hardly began to write until he was twenty-five, and during his few remaining years he was trying, not to make books, but to make a nation. How far he succeeded in attaining his real object it is not for us now to discuss. What we want to point out is that his writings, though they appeared in newspapers, and were incidental and subsidiary to other objects, were not ephemeral. They are brief, and in form disconnected, but they are not mere fugitive pieces. The idea of Irish nationality gives them unity, and the genius of their author makes them worthy to live for ever.

Mr. Rolleston has done his work on the whole very well. His introduction is almost too brief, and a few more facts as to the history of the time might have been useful to most of those into whose hands the book is likely to fall. He has included some articles of merely local interest, and he has excluded others which we should have liked to see once more; but no selection can be expected to please everybody. One omission we consider serious. Newspaper articles cannot be understood without a reference to the time when they appeared; yet Mr. Rolleston has in no single instance given us the date of the articles he has reprinted.

Messrs. Duffy's edition of Davis's poems is a very old book to Irishmen, but we have placed the new and the old side by side, because both will be new to many Englishmen, and because the prose and poetry of Davis cannot be considered separately. Both were born of the same effort; both were animated by the same spirit.

Of the two we think his poetry incomparably the more valuable. His prose is indeed often powerful and luminous, and it is possible to pick out many passages of great beauty from the little book which Mr. Rolleston has edited. How forcible are these opening words of an article denouncing agrarian outrage:—"The people of Munster are in want—will murder feed them?" Or take this description of the Irish peasant's life:—

"In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns.

"He is not unconsolated. Faith in the joys of another world, heightened by his woe in this, give him hours when he serenely looks down on the torments that encircle him—the moon on a troubled sky. . . . Consider his griefs! they begin in the cradle—they end in the grave. . . .

"Advancing youth brings him labour, and manhood increases it; but youth and manhood leave his roof rotten, his chimney one hole, his window another, his clothes rags (at best muffled by a holiday *colamore*)—his furniture a pot, a table, a few hay chairs and rickety stools—his food lumpers and water—his bedding straw and a coverlet—his enemies the landlord, the tax-gatherer, and the law—his consolation the priest and his wife—his hope on earth, agitation—his hope hereafter, the Lord God."

But Davis's natural love of simplicity and directness are too often overcome by the masters by whom, consciously or unconsciously, he was directed. His first master was Grattan, and Grattan's style, as Davis himself says—"is not to be imitated. Let no subject assume the purple." Yet Davis imitated him, to his own great detriment as a writer. His second master was Carlyle. It is not easy to over-estimate Carlyle's influence, not merely over Davis, but overall the writers in the *Nation*, and through them over subsequent writers who have built up a style which is often considered distinctively national. Mr. Morley says somewhere that the masters of the English leader-writer were Mill and Macaulay. Substitute, for Mill and Macaulay, Grattan and Carlyle, and it is not difficult to understand (difference of national character being superadded) the difference between *United Ireland* and the *Times*. For our own part, we cannot but wish that in the prose writings of Thomas Davis we had more of his simple straightforward self and less of imitation of his masters. As it is, he is less incisive and less lucid than Mitchel; and if we had only his prose to judge him by, we might wonder why all his associates with one accord gave the praise for the work they did "under God, to Thomas Davis."

We must read his poetry to understand it. Here we find his own strong self. Rhyme and rhythm do not hamper or cramp him, though his rhymes and rhythm are correct. His meaning is always clear, his language precise, and his metaphors, though seldom strained, are often beautiful. It is, indeed, the poetry of a politician. The poet who is a poet and nothing else, usually wearies all but the elect with a morbid analysis of his own

feelings. Davis had not the due poetic proportion of self-consciousness. His object was not aesthetic but practical. We miss the subtle Celtic charm of Mangan's wild imagery and rioting rhythm. But we have instead the comfort of knowing that this man wrote poetry because he had something to say, and an end to achieve by saying it. And when, as in Ireland, politics include the whole past history of the nation, and all that affects the being of every individual peasant, there is not much worth saying which a politician-poet was not called upon to say.

Davis, in the midst of a fiery political contest, sat down to animate the people by recalling in ballad form the history of their race, and there are three poems more especially—"The Sack of Baltimore," "The Surprise of Cremona," and "Fontenoy"—which are worthy of a place beside Macaulay's Lays among the best of historical ballads.

Throughout the prose and poetry of Davis there is one prevailing strain. He cared comparatively little for the particular form of independence which was to be won for Ireland. What he wanted was unity among Irishmen. He was willing to accept the Home Rule proposed by Sharman Crawford—though it was moderate beyond even the proposals of Mr. Gladstone—if he could thereby conciliate the men of the North. He writes patriotic lines to the stirring tune of "The Protestant Boys," in the hope that the Orangemen might beat their drums with a new meaning. Those who believe that Ulster will be oppressed by a Home Rule Government would do well to ponder over the fact that Thomas Davis, to whom in large measure the new spirit of Irish nationality is due, spent his life in teaching, and left his works behind him to teach, the lesson of goodwill.

A NEW SAGA.

THE BONDMAN. A New Saga. By Hall Caine. Three vols. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

THE vengeance which for the sins of a father will pursue to the death the father's children's children is horrible but grand. It is horrible, as all that is irrational and cruel must be. But it is no petty personal spite: if it punishes its victim for sins the victim never committed, it should be remembered that it punishes not for its own sake; it believes that it is a weapon in the hand of God; it walks in mystery and tragedy; it is akin to the splendid brutality of a natural law which has been, and is, the despair of many. Such vengeance has often formed the subject of a great drama or a great story. It is part of the subject which Mr. Hall Caine treats in his new book, "The Bondman;" but there is another part. The gospel of love is in reality the chief theme of the story, and it is in the highest self-sacrifice that the climax is reached.

If by luckless chance one turns to the end of the volume and reads in a publisher's note that this is Mr. Caine's masterpiece, one may see a broad path open to him by which he may arrive at easy satire. Everything—except a careful reading of the book—will goad him to rush madly along this path, crying by the way, "Melodrama! mere melodrama!" He would be quite wrong. The publisher has said it first, but we with all humility must, if we would be truthful, say it after him. This is the best book that Mr. Hall Caine has yet written, better even than "The Deemster," and it reaches a level to which fiction very rarely attains. To deal with such subjects may show a fine audacity in the author, but at least he has not dared more than he has been able to do well. Without intending any comparison between Mr. Hall Caine and Homer, we may point out that "The Bondman" is not melodrama for much the same reasons that the story of Achilles is not melodrama. We are, in fact, so loth to let such good work be degraded by the title of "novel" that we are almost tempted to consider its claims to rank as a prose epic.

The time is the present century, the time of Nelson; before the British lion had wholly given itself up to catching flies and roaring horribly over the capture. But the place is not here. In the Isle of Man and in Iceland are fitter scenes for the display of the incidents of such a story. Now amid the roar of waves and storms, amid shipwreck and disaster; again, in the desolate wilderness where impassable mountains skirt a frozen sea; or, again, at Urísvík, by the hot springs and scorched chasms of the earth, such a drama finds its fittest stage. It is a drama of the hate and love of the natural uncivilised man; it tells, too, of hellish cruelty and torture, of foiled cunning, of woman's frailty and strength, and of the struggle of a people for liberty. The

hero, Jason, is a fine conception. His mission from his earliest years is to avenge the wrong done to his mother. "I will hunt the world over until I find that man, and when I have found him I will slay him. . . . If he should die, and we should never meet, I will hunt the world over until I find his son, and when I have found him, I will kill him for his father's sake." The man is Jason's father, and the son is his half-brother. The story will best tell how that mission was carried out; the purpose of the book is in part to illustrate the wonderful ways of fate.

The half-brother, Michael Sunlocks, is, like Jason, a man of great stature, of beauty and courage. In the character of neither does there seem to be any smallness at all; and to read of such men, though they be but the people of fiction, is to uplift the spirit. But, although Sunlocks is of a sweeter, gentler disposition, and at first seems the more lovable, yet his strength is not as the strength of Jason; and at the close of the book it is Jason who chiefly fills the reader's heart. Purified by passion and suffering, he stands out from the weird scenes which the author in few words makes real to us, as in truth a noble character. But he is not unnatural in his nobility; he is beyond our powers, but not beyond our hopes; greater than we are, but not grotesque or titanic; the work of a glorious imagination, and not the phantom of a delirious fancy. He is in no way akin to that embodiment of all virtues that we find in conventional melodrama. For, though there is nothing small in the man, there is much that is wrong in him. His mission is wrong; the personal hatred, which is a fresh incentive to murder, is wrong; and of conventional morality he knows nothing. He lies freely—such lies as the recording angel might blot out. He drinks, not from the drunkard's craving, nor as the morphia of despair, but because in the loss of love he loses the motive to upright life. He is at one time an indifferent sloth, because it is only for the love of another that he feels his powers worth using. He can make himself worthy of Greeba, but he has no care to be worthy of himself. Self is not of interest to him. Sloth and drunkenness he lays aside, as a child puts down a plaything of which he is tired, when affection for the man and love for the woman call him to action. It is to his contempt of self and to his uncivilised fearlessness that his vices, quite as much as his nobler parts, may be traced. The characters of Jason and Sunlocks are consistent throughout; they prove that the author can portray men; and when we read of the babyhood of Sunlocks and Greeba, and of Greeba's subsequent development, we feel that Mr. Hall Caine understands women and children no less.

Although the story is intensely exciting, it is no mere string of adventures; and it teaches not the less well because it is not obviously and irritatingly didactic. There will be few readers—and those not admirable—who will not be carried away by the pathos of the chapter which is headed "Through the Chasm of all Men," or note the force which condenses into few words a noble climax, over which an author of less genius would have spent pages of appeal. Not less remarkable than the pathos of the book is its strong dramatic power—nowhere, perhaps, more conspicuous than in the description of the fall of Sunlocks and in the scene on the Mount of Laws. Nor does Mr. Hall Caine commit the fatal error of trying to keep his reader for ever on the heights; in the account of the Moughhuld jury, or of such characters as Chalse A'Killey and old Davey, we find a bright spontaneous humour. The plot, though clearly told, is subtle and intricate. It abounds in coincidence; and when we remember the purpose of the story, we see good reasons for this.

The style is vivid and bold, but it has its mistakes. A wily use of the word "bad" throughout the book may reveal Mr. Hall Caine's knowledge that the simplest adjectives are often the least commonplace. The knowledge is correct; the art should have been concealed. However, an occasional mannerism is not an habitual affectation. We may point out that the use of "throng" for "full" is a provincialism. Patavinity was not excusable even in Livy. In metaphorical expression the author is not always happy. What is an "avalanche of smoke"? There may be force in the expression "a hundred jagged prongs of burnt crag;" but when we are told that the "jagged prongs" were "flecked" with the white wings of countless sea-birds, we do feel that we are going too far. Nor do we much like the similes from unpleasant diseases in the third volume.

There is one other point to blame. We regret that Greeba, when the bolt of the door was broken, should have thrust her own fair arm into its place. Mr. Hall Caine has an imagination of his own, and need not irritate us by adapting well-known stories.

"*Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.*" In so good a story we can pardon something; nor can we leave "The Bondman" with any other feelings than those of gratitude for the book, and admiration for the genius of its author.